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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Illustration by Herman Rosse for Chaucer's "The Canterbury Tales," translated by Frank Ernest Hill (Longmans, Green).

Mr. Huxley's Humanism

DO WHAT YOU WILL. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

"DO what you will" is a quotation from Blake, in the sense of *It can't be helped*:

Do what you will, this world's a fiction,
And all made up of contradiction.

Mr. Huxley has Rabelaisian freedoms which serve as reminders that "Do what you will" was also the motto of the Abbey of Thelema. The motto by no means meant: *The lid is off and the taboos all debunked*, since only those were admitted there who were "free, well born, well bred, and conversant of honest companies." It meant, in Walt Whitman's terms: "Whatever is pleasing to the healthiest persons, that is finally right." Mr. Huxley's ethics are something like that. So were Rabelais's. His philosophy has some connections with the trail of William James and Professor Dewey. Ours is a pluralistic universe, both one and many. Reality is multitudinous, tameless, and disquieting. Our religions and philosophies are tight little houses that we build for refuge from the wild winds. Eventually they are all blown down, but we have to have them, and forever rebuild them in diverse fashions, but more or less like their predecessors. There has been in these late generations a great blowing down of houses, and some consciousness and confessions of a shelterless disquietude.

But if ultimate reality is strange and dark, the nearby realities are no less real, and they, not doctrines and systems, are the common houses of our habitation. In the dim cathedral at Lucca, on the 13th of September, the hushed crowd are worshipping and dropping their pathetic tribute of lire before the Holy Face, whose expression, indeed, is somewhat sinister with its stern features and tawny eyes. Outside the sunlight pours down, and before one of the city gates is a small Coney Island of merry-go-rounds, side shows, switchbacks, and the

(*Continued on page* 1088)

Chaucer Renewed

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE best antidote to the brittle hardness and sick self-consciousness of modernism in English literature is a purge out of Chaucer. No author is more studied in graduate schools, upon no other corpus have such profitable structures of research been built, of no writer in English before the Elizabethans do we know so much, and few great poets are more readily accessible in editions of every kind. And yet Chaucer is studied, but little read. Since Lowell's generous but somewhat verbose essay, his "rhetorike sweete" has lacked an apostle, although there have been faithful acolytes, ardent tithe collectors, and clerical interpreters in abundance.

It is unfortunate that he has not had more persuasive celebrants, for no reader has tested the richness of English literature until he has read his Chaucer. The fourteenth century was not an age of babes and sucklings, nor of Launcelots and Arthurs. The fruit of the Middle Ages was ripened then, and to the sophistication of Provence had been added the fresh curiosity of the earliest Italian Renaissance, some of whose books, such as the Teseide and the Filostrato of Boccaccio, Chaucer presumably carried with him as he rode home to England. And there is in Chaucer's stories the only kind of romance—informed, sophisticated, yet eager and ideally beautiful—which still seems romance to a realistic society, critical and unpoetic in mood. Malory with his Morte D'Arthur, gathering the remnants of a great period into a prose quaintly monumental and deadly serious, is further away from our sympathies than Palemon and Arcite, centuries further away than the Wife of Bath. Even Tennyson's Galahad and Guinevere are less readily assimilated into the twentieth century imagination than the Knight and his Squire. They date, and Chaucer's romance, save for its ornament, is almost dateless.

It is interesting to compare his romantic narratives with the tales in that perhaps most famous of all story collections, the "Arabian Nights,"* which in the form in which we read it in Western tongues is, as it happens, very nearly contemporary. As a storehouse of plots "The Thousand and One Nights" is unequalled, and its trading, commercial atmosphere, its merchant heroes always seeking cash and getting adventure, and its lavish expenditure on parvenu luxury resemble New York of the detective stories more than Oxenford or Canterbrigge. The Arabian Nights is a book of the newly rich, written (or recited) for the gutter rats of Cairo who craved tabloid accounts of the misdeeds and misadventures of the wealthy. The Arabic scholars and critics were quite right in refusing it the name of belles lettres—only, they overlooked the enduring power of winnowed and selected story.

But Chaucer's stories (even his smuttiest) were told for gentlemen and ladies, or (when they were not feeling that way) for quick and intelligent minds. The stuffy, extravagant loves of Prince Kaimar-Ez-Zeman and the Princess Budoor, or of Azeez and Azeezeh, as simple psychologically as the lives of the birds, which fill so many Arabian pages, are only patterns, involved, reduplicated, inverted, and reversed; while Chaucer's most high-flown romance has the stiffening of a great chivalric tradition and his women are creatures, not sleek assortments of instincts. Chaucer the romanticist as well as Chaucer the humorist belongs to us. His is the new world of personality out of which the West was made.

His effortless humor, which is satiric and yet good-tempered, the humor of personality, runs on still in our journalism, but finds its way less and less into anything that can be called literature. His bawdy stories have a warm, ripe glow beside which our attempts at indecency are mechanical. And the language of those easy characterizations in the Prologues is a medium that no one has equalled in English, except Shakespeare in Falstaff. Says the Wife of Bath—

> And I was yong and ful of ragerye
> Stibourne and strong and joly as a pye,
> Wel koude I daunce to an harpe smale,
> And synge, y-wis, as any nyghtyngale,
> Whan I had dronke a draughte of sweete wyn . . . .
> But, Lord Crist! whan that it remembreth me
> Upon my yowthe, and on my jolitee,
> It tikleth me about myn herte roote!
> Unto this day it dooth myn herte boote
> That I have had my world, as in my tyme.

Mr. Hill, of whose book more presently, rightly disposes of Chaucer's naiveté. He is no more naïf than Bernard Shaw or H. L. Mencken. Indeed, what impresses one most on rereading the best loved of his passages is the maturity of his civilization by comparison with ours. Palemon and Arcite, with their complete philosophy of life and their ready comprehension of the privileges of living in a blend of decorum and passion, are full fledged by comparison with contemporary athletic calflings, and sterling, not plated, in any parallel with the bright young things of jazzed and ginny New York or London. I do not mean to enter claims for "The Knights' Tale" as a psychological poem (though I would glady enter the lists for "Troilus and Criseyde"); yet the background of civilization is psychologically

* A new one-volume edition of Lane's translation comprising over a thousand pages of selected stories has just been published: "The Thousand and One Nights." Translated by Edward William Lane. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930.

This Week

"The Canterbury Tales."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"George Eliot."
Reviewed by PAUL M. FULCHER.

"Four Square."
Reviewed by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

"The Cambridge Medieval History."
Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS.

"The Road to Wildcat."
Reviewed by NEWBELL NILES PUCKETT.

"The Trough of the Wave."
Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON.

"Love in the Machine Age."
Reviewed by FRANCES WILLIAMS BINKLEY.

"The Sceptical Biologist."
Reviewed by RAYMOND PEARL.

Dynamite.
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

The Gentle Art of Informing the Uninformed.
By BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

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whole as well as psychologically just. When Chaucer writes, he speaks of, and to, an old civilization, remembering Provence as well as the Isle de France, well read in scholastic Latin, yet "fressh as is the monthe of May" and enraptured with living in it. And if they loved so hotly that "by nyhtertale," they slept "namoore than dooth a nyghtyngale," nevertheless they could be courteous, lowly, and serviceable, and love truth, honor, freedom, and courtesy, in a world that, philosophically considered, offered far fewer opportunities for the good life than our own. In brief, they had their world as in their time, and did not let vulgarians and mechanicals, to borrow and new use a word from Shakespeare, divert them from fulness of living. They did not know much—and even Chaucer did not know much—of what we regard as useful, and frightful penalties they paid for their ignorance. But there was depth and maturity in their wisdom.

Perhaps the extraordinary suavity of Chaucer's language reflects the depths of this medieval culture and is tuned by its simplicity. Beside his loveliest lines Spenser has always seemed to me a little stuffed and decadent. And there is a sweetness which the language was never again fluid enough to recover. I suspect, without risking a studied opinion, that the patterns of the Latin tongues, always present in his mind, and still dominant in European literature, gave him a nicer sense of quantity than the later, utterly English ear possessed. There is a sweetness that the northern ear feels in Italian, and a vowel color and a pause and movement, in French, which are remembered in Chaucer's English, as French literature is remembered in Chaucer's culture. French was still the great tongue of literature, and its influence in fourteenth century England was not unlike that of the seventeenth century prose of the English Bible in our modern writing, an elder veneration, a model which could not be imitated (since one wrote in another idiom) but could never be forgot. And the English poet must have sat so often writing with his French or Italian original open beside him, while he played variations upon it, that some impregnation of style was inevitable. I am thinking of such

> 'Fader, she seyde, 'thy wrecched child, Custance,
> Thy yonge doghter, fostred up so softe,
> And ye, my mooder, my soverayn pleasance,
> Over alle thyng, out-taken Crist on lofte,
> Custance, youre child, hire recomandeth ofte
> Unto your grace; for I shall to Surrye,
> Ne shal I never seen yow moore with eye.'
>
> or
>
> Fraunceys Petrak, the lauriat poete,
> Highte this clerk, whos rhetorike sweete
> Enlumyned al Ytaille of poetrie.

Scholarship has never been so well justified of its researches as in the canon and corpus of Chaucer. An author five hundred years in the past has been reset against his background and freed of an encumbering growth of legend and attributed verse; his grammar, which his descendants thought quaint, expounded; his versification, which even Dryden thought ignorant, proved to be subtle and skilful, and made easy for the reader; his sources assembled until we can read the library upon which his mind pastured. This last is worth pausing upon. Like all medievals, and most great writers, Chaucer borrowed freely; as an apostle of learning and an advance agent of the earliest Renaissance in England, he was first of all, and always to some extent, a translator and adaptor. He quarried wherever he found a vein, and trusted to his own genius to add, expand, or invent, only when spirit or necessity stirred him. And unfortunately it is in these additions that translation least does him justice. It needs an acquaintane, with bald Æsop and the waggish saga of Reynard the Fox to enter appreciatively into the barnyard of Chauntecleer and Pertelote of the "Nun's Priest's Tale"—

> 'Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
> Of o thyng God hath sent me large grace;
> For whan I se the beautee of youre face,
> Ye been so scarlet reed aboute youre eyen,
> It maketh al my drede for to dyen,
> For, al-so siker as In principio,
> Mulier est hominis confusio,—
> Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,
> "Womman is mannes joye, and all his bliss." "

But even more important is the nicety of wording and the play of witty humor that makes the poem Chaucer's and not another's and is blurred in a translation; and the like is true in those passages of deep pathos or brooding pity—"For pitee renneth soone in gentil herte"—where Chaucer's own emotions carry him beyond the text. Indeed it may be said that the Nun's Priest's tale of "a cok and hen" and the exquisitely humorous fables of the Scotch Henrysoun—alas, too difficult in their broad Scots for an untrained reader—bear such a stamp of personality as can scarcely be matched in this day, when every new poem is supposed to be fresh invented and stamped with the seal of a unique ego.

But one quality of Chaucer does translate and translate admirably. He is a great narrative artist—certainly a much more skilful story-teller in verse than any of his successors, Spenser, Pope, Dryden, Scott, Byron, Tennyson. And it is the chief merit of the new poet laureate that at his best he is worthy to be compared with Chaucer, although his worst is more boresome than those didactic and pictorial digressions which the fourteenth century poet allowed himself in his quality of instructor general to the England of his time.

And this is the great value of Mr. Hill's new book.* He is a poet of taste, erudition, and skill, a skilful versifier in his own right, and if it is necessary to translate Chaucer, his pen was a happy choice. He makes the lines run, as Chaucer did. He keeps the savor of the original without quaintness or awkward substitutions. In such a story as "The Knight's Tale," a free flowing romance, not too pithy for free paraphrase, he is very successful indeed. His poem is excellent modern verse, which is more than can be said except for the best translations—

> The busy lark, the messenger of day,
> Saluteth with her song the morning gray;
> And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright
> That all the orient laugheth with the light,
> And with his beams in every wood he dries
>
> The silver dewdrop on the leaf that lies.
> And Arcite, that at court with Theseus is
> (Among the squires the foremost place is his),
> Is risen, and looks upon the merry day.
> And soon, to do observance unto May, . . .

His choice of stories is fortunate—"The Knight's Tale," "The Nun's Priest's Tale," "The Pardoner's Tale," that gruesome plot which reappears again and again down to the last detective story, but was never ful, thoroughly medieval tribute to Blanche, wife of John of Gaunt. I wish that he had been more daring—that he had included the strong meat of the Wife of Bath's Prologue, than which nothing more scurrilous has been written until the last chapter of Joyce's "Ulysses," and that pre-Barnumic masterpiece of cynicism, the Pardoner's Prologue. But these are precisely the rich, racy Chaucer that least well translates. I have an affection myself for the sentiment of "The Man of Law's Tale" of Custance. As for "Troilus and Criseyde," perhaps he was wise to leave that great novel in verse for a later effort, and will be well advised to undertake it. That is a lost masterpiece of English, so far as the generality is concerned, and will never come out of the hands of scholars until a fine translation leads on to the original.

* * *

And indeed I should say that the great value of Mr. Hill's book is that it will lead on. Chaucerian English is, as he says, tricky; it is much further from modern English than would appear from isolated quotations. Its finesse lies often in grammar and vocabulary the excellence of which is involved in their differences from our modes and meanings. But it should be added that, with a good translation and the original before you, a few hundred Middle English words, the knowledge of a few tricks of grammar, and a good guessery will carry a reader very delightfully into Chaucer himself. The chief obstacle is really spelling. We have so standardized our spelling that the seeming anarchy of Middle English throws us off, gives a stylistic impression in reading which is accidental and misleading. Professor Lounsbury, who in his day did so much to set Chaucer's house in order, proposed to meet this difficulty by modernizing the Chaucerian spelling, but this stops short of cure because, in order to preserve the rhythm, the terminal letters must often be retained. It is better that the reader should make the effort to overcome his precisian prejudices and take Chaucer as he was writ.

In any case Mr. Hill deserves honorable election into the body of those who have helped to make our great English heritage accessible. After all, Middle English is not Greek, and a translation can capture far more of Chaucer than of Pindar. If his "For quick is pity in the noble-hearted" is weak beside the line I have quoted above; if "The flatterer with the knife beneath his cloak," is a come down from Chaucer's "The smylere, with the knyfe under the cloke"; if "To Thebes, that stands with ancient walls and wide," has lost some of the music of "To Thebes, with his olde walles wyde," yet in narrative movement he is worthy of his master, who left such a ribald curse upon those who should not write him true—

> Adam Scriveyn, if ever it thee befalle
> Boece or Troilus for to writen newe,
> Under thy long lokkes thou most have the scalle
> But after my making thou write more trewe.
> So ofte a daye I mot thy werk renewe,
> Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and scrape;
> And al is through thy negligence and rape.

May the scab never grow in Mr. Hill's locks, for he has been neither negligent nor hasty in his book.

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* THE CANTERBURY TALES: The Prologue and Four Tales with the Book of the Duchess and Six Lyrics. By GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Translated into Modern English Verse. By FRANK ERNEST HILL. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $3.50.

The Sibyl with Plumes

GEORGE ELIOT. By J. LEWIS MAY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL M. FULCHER

IT is hard to see what place Mr. J. Lewis May's study of George Eliot is intended to fill, pleasant reading though it is. It offers no fresh information, no previously unpublished letters such as those recently collected by Arthur Paterson. It makes no special attempt to consider the novelist in relation to her world, as did Miss Haldane a few years ago. It makes no critical examination of a special period of the life, as was Miss Deakin's task in "The Early Life of George Eliot." It does not attempt to follow the vicissitudes of George Eliot's literary reputation in the fifty years that have passed since her death. There remain two possibilities—a fresh estimate of literary achievement, and an imagi-

he disagrees with one authority, as he frequently does with Leslie Stephen, it is often, consciously or unconsciously, only to agree with another. Many before Mr. May have preferred the early novels to the later; many share his low estimate of "Felix Holt" and "Daniel Deronda." In his sweeping aside of "Middlemarch" and "Romola" he does part company with the main stream of criticism, for the greatness of these novels, in spite of the heavy burden of faults they carry, is rather generally admitted. In stressing the difference of material between the early and the later work, Mr. May neglects the similarity in theme and in outlook on life, and minimizes the common bond between such characters as Maggie and Dorothea, Stephen Guest and Will Ladislaw—in other words, he misses the essential continuity in Eliot's work in spite of the apparent break between "Silas Marner" and "Romola." That Mr. May, if we are to take him strictly at his word, has never read "Romola" completely might in the minds of some affect his ability to judge it.

* * *

George Eliot as a person fares rather well in Mr. May's hands, though it could be argued that her picture in the collected letters is more interesting than any drawn by another. But there is nothing of the snooper about the present biographer. He does, of course, suggest that she suffered from an inferiority complex. He also seems to attribute her mothering of the Lewes children to a sense of duty rather than to real affection. It is true that some of her earliest letters to them seem stiff; but they are stiff with shyness rather than with patronage. By the time she closes with such charming doggerel as

> Love to all
> Great and Small
> From the feeble MUTTER
> Seven Stone
> (Her weight is known)
> When in heaviest clothes you put her

she is neither stiff nor shy. But Mr. May's taste is too fine for him to indulge in scandalous but unprovable speculation about George Eliot's early years in London, and his admiration is too great to allow him to mention the thick-set sybil with the enormous ostrich plume which seems to wave awfully over her in the memory of Sir Edmund Gosse.

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A Four-Track Mind

FOUR SQUARE: The Story of a Fourfold Life. By JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THE author of this book is a criminologist, a physician, a priest, and a teacher. He spends his mornings in the criminal courts, his afternoons in his medical office, and his evenings at the university, and his Sundays at the clergy house. It is his business, as an officer of the law, to examine criminals; as a psychiatrist, to receive and prescribe for patients; as a professor, to lecture to students on the classical languages and the history of medicine, and as a priest to celebrate the mass. How he does it Dr. Oliver tells us in this fascinating autobiography, which is necessarily fourfold like the life which it describes. In Part I, the author takes us into the courts and prisons of Baltimore, his home city, and introduces us to the judges, juries, thieves, and murderers he has met. In Part II, he opens the door into the office where he practises his profession as a psychiatrist, and lets us watch from a hidden corner the daily procession of distraught men and women who pass beneath his acute and sympathetic scrutiny. In Part III, he invites us to live with him at Alumni Hall, Johns Hopkins University, where he occupies an apartment as warden of the students' dormitory. In Part IV, he leads us to the altar, and asks us to join him in praise and prayer.

That Dr. Oliver is a most unusual type of man was clearly revealed, though not at all explained, in his earlier books which obtained so wide a reading. The first work of general popularity, entitled "Fear," and its successor, "Victim and Victor," both had exceptional qualities, but nothing in them stirred so much interest as the writer behind them. It is not unnatural, but perhaps inevitable, that Dr. Oliver should have written not another medico-mystical, psycho-theological, religio-medical novel, but a frank and free professional autobiography in which the work which he has made, and which has made him, is disclosed to an insistently curious public.

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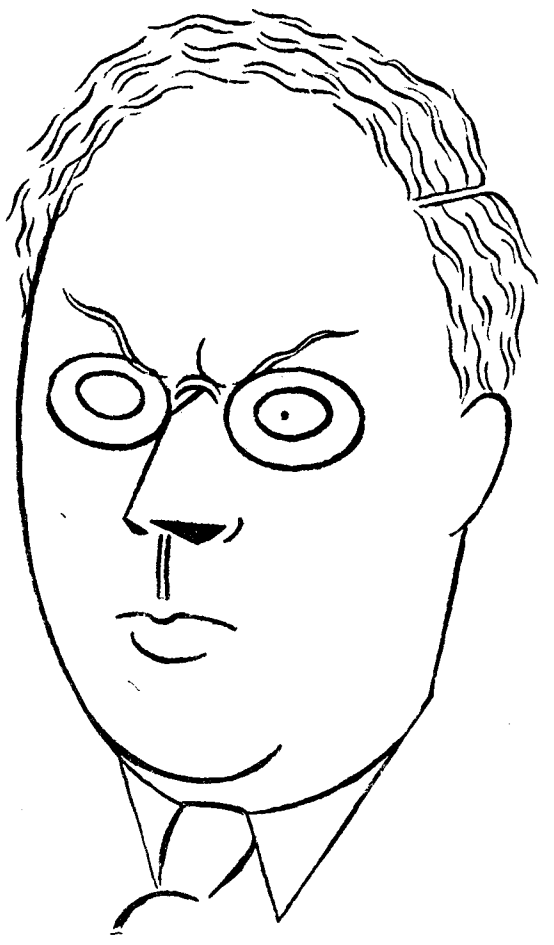
It is well to emphasize that this is a professional and not a personal piece of autobiographical writing. The personal, of course, is here—it could not be kept out! Thus, we get some tantalizing glimpses into a family history which mingles the cold Puritan blood of Boston with the hot romantic blood of Italy, and which includes among progenitors a great-grandfather, Robert Gould Shaw, a great uncle who died as mayor of Salem (Massachusetts) and another who died a young Jesuit priest in Rome, a grandfather who sailed to sea and mysteriously disappeared on shipboard, and the famous Dr. George Parkman who was murdered by the famous, or infamous, Professor Webster, his colleague on the faculty of Harvard College. We learn that Dr. Oliver is a bachelor, that he was educated in European medical schools, and that he served for three years in the war as a physician in the Austrian army. We discover that he does not smoke, that he reads a hundred lines of the "Iliad" in Greek each night before he goes to sleep, that he has the largest private library of murders and murderers in this country, that he knows Mencken and disagrees with him and admires him, that he "celebrates Mass on Sundays, with Benediction on Sunday evenings, and with a low Mass on Monday mornings." But apart from such intermittent and accidental glimpses as these, caught as it were by the quick lifting of a curtain, we see in this book only the professional man—the work he does, the people he meets, the lessons he has learned, the programs and policies in which he believes. Out of an intensely busy and amazingly various experience Dr. Oliver has written his books, built his philosophy, even reared his religion—and the story of it all is here in these pages of intimate, yet reserved, and always delightful reminiscence.

As one passes from Part to Part of this book, amazement and admiration grow that Dr. Oliver can do so much, and obviously do it all so well. He agrees readily that his "experience is open to the charge of superficiality"; he makes no claim to any achievement higher than that of trying to be "a passable scholar, and a fair criminologist, as well as a psychiatrist of medium ability and a very imperfect priest, and—be very happy in the attempt." That he has been happy is plainly written on every page. And the happiness, or at least the relief and guidance and sheer sanity, that he has brought to countless other souls in his fourfold walk of life, is a thing to touch the heart. To have lived one of Dr. Oliver's lives might persuade any man to be content; to have lived them all, as fruitfully and beneficently as this man has lived them, seems something like a miracle.

Of course Dr. Oliver could not have done it had he not had a four-track mind, as Woodrow Wilson, and many other men, have had only one-track minds. As I read this book, I seemed to see the road-bed of the New York Central Railroad along the east bank of the Hudson, with its great express trains thundering by on its four smooth tracks. There is in all the four parts of Dr. Oliver's life this sense of rushing momentum, of swift machines running smoothly and getting somewhere, of a beautiful system of highly controlled and intelligently directed energy doing things for men. This comparison is defective in the sense that Dr. Oliver presents not the slightest suggestion of a machine. He is in all and through all a man—intensely human, deeply sympathetic and compassionate, always loving and lovable. He must be the most delightful of companions, as well as the most tender of physicians and most stimulating of teachers. His passion for books, his delight in a glass of wine, his open door in the dormitory for any student to enter day and night, his round clerical collar carefully donned every Saturday night, his love of murders and his friendship with murderers, all this makes up a wonderfully human and attractive bundle of qualities. No machine here—and yet the energy, beating ceaselessly along these four tracks of action, suggests just the picture which I have given.



CONRAD AIKEN
whose "Collected Poems" just won a Pulitzer Prize. From a caricature by Eva Hermann in "On Parade" (Coward-McCann).

No railroad lays its tracks without switches and cross-overs, or runs its trains without occasional collisions. Dr. Oliver has ordered his life in a way which reduces conflicts and confusions to a minimum. It is the very advantage of his four-track mind that he can transfer his expert energies in one field to action in another field. Dr. Oliver the priest again and again comes to the assistance of Dr. Oliver the physician, as the psychiatrist in his laboratory is quick to leap to the assistance of the criminologist in the court or prison. But there are dangers involved in a complicated life system of this kind. Dr. Oliver tumbles into contradictions which are peculiar, to say the least. His reverence for the Bible, for example, is wholly orthodox, yet he seems to speak with no such enthusiasm of Holy Writ as he does of the writings of the pagan classicists. There is food for thought in the spectacle of a man, thoroughly familiar with the psychological and social causes of crime, and in his personal contacts all tenderness and compassion for even the vilest criminals, who yet believes in punishment as a remedy for crime and capital punishment as the reward of murder. I have seen few things more amazing than the author's chapter on "Alcohol" which is one long tirade against Prohibition, immediately followed by a chapter on "Drugs" which urges the most drastic prohibition of these narcotics. Dr. Oliver is "temperamentally a medievalist," as he himself confesses, which means that he not only does "not hesitate to have more than one profession or outlet for (his) activities," but gladly lives with inconsistencies and illogicalities which have no place in this modern age of scientific method and exact knowledge.

But the very defects of Dr. Oliver's super-qualities only serve to add to the fascination of his book. This man is one of the remarkable figures of our time. His nature is rich, his life abundant, his sympathies wide and full, his love of men and human things a native grace of his pure spirit. He is a scientist, and also much of a saint, with the latter's foibles and profound humilities. We hope that he has many books still to write, and that one of them will be a biography of his inner, personal life, to match this the biography of his outer professional life.

The Thirteenth Century

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Edited by J. R. TANNER, C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON, Z. N. BROOKE. Volume VI. Victory of the Papacy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $14.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS
Harvard University

UNDER the somewhat misleading title "Victory of the Papacy" the sixth volume of the "Cambridge Medieval History" is devoted primarily to the thirteenth century. There is no attempt to idealize this age as "the greatest of centuries," but it is presented as the culmination of medieval civilization, "not an age of dissolution of an old order, but of the old order's full perfection," "an eminently natural product" of the period which goes before. Yet if it reaches "the highest pitch in a characteristic form," it also prepares the way for its successor, which it anticipates in figures like Frederick II and Roger Bacon, "and before that murky, long-delaying dawn, the gorgeous starlit sky of [illegible] Middle Ages was to lose its lustre." At the [illegible] of the century stands Dante, facing both ways—as an undergraduate once put it, "with one [illegible] in the Middle Ages while with the other he salutes the rising star of the Renaissance!"

The volume contains three kinds of material. In the first place, the narrative history of the church, the Empire, and the chief countries of Western Europe is carried forward approximately to 1270 by eminent scholars of the type of Professor Powicke, Professor Jacob, M. Petit-Dutaillis, and Dr. Previté-Orton, who acts as general editor. In the second place, this instalment reaches back over a longer period to bring up the history of the outlying countries; the procession halts long enough for the stragglers to come up and take their places, as in the excellent account of the social and political development of the Scandinavian kingdoms by Professor Koht of Oslo. The third portion, stretching over a still longer period, consists of chapters on various aspects of medieval life and culture which reached their climax in this age—commerce and industry, ecclesiastical organization, universities, political theory and religious doctrine, warfare, architecture, and cycles of legends—not to mention accounts of the Friars and the Inquisition, which belong primarily in the thirteenth century.

In all, a meaty volume which is in some respects the best of its series. The scholarly level is high, and rarely do we find a perfunctory chapter, like that on chivalry. While the effects of the war still appear in the absence of German or Austrian contributors, the editors have been fortunate in drawing upon the best English scholarship and upon some of the leading historians of other countries. There are no American contributors.

Those who have come to regard the Cambridge volumes as detailed works of reference will be surprised at some of the more general chapters, such as Professor Clapham's sketch of commerce and industry, Professor Pierenne's account of the Northern towns, and the forty page essay into which the late Dean Rashdall put the essential content of his monumental work on medieval universities.

On the whole, this volume strikes a happy medium between a purely political history of the older sort and the more descriptive social history now coming into vogue. One could wish a fuller discussion of religious architecture, and we miss any special account of science or of Latin literature as such. In matters

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like these, the older perspective still dominates. Nor must it be assumed that the narrative chapters are purely conventional, for they often contain fresh points of view and the results of ripe reflection. Thus the pontificate of Innocent III is put in a setting of canon law and reforms in the papal chancery, resting firmly on the tradition of the Rome of the earlier Emperors, "marble-white and mighty, the tamer of the East, the terror of the farthest West," but with the plenitude of authority which belongs to the see of Peter alone. The reign of King John, "rich in achievement, of which he was never a mere spectator," is declared to be a commentary on the development of the *curia regis*, although a more personal touch appears in the characterization of him as a foe to nature, a fool in the Scriptural sense, devoid of all loyalty, whether to persons or to standards of conduct. A page on the mobility of labor sets us thinking about the more fluid phases of medieval life and particularly about the mobility, matters of which we know all too little. And our whole attitude towards the Middle Ages is challenged in Dean Rashdall's concluding sentences, where, after speaking of the enormous intellectual enthusiasm of the medieval universities, he says:

> The popular conception of the Middle Ages is far too favorable on the side of religion and of morality, far too grudging and unappreciative on the intellectual side. The universities represent one of the greatest achievements of the medieval mind, not only on account of their intellectual products, but as pieces of institutional machinery. And the institution has outlived a very large part of the culture which it originally imparted. Through all the changes which have taken place in the subject matter and the methods of the education regarded as the highest from the twelfth century down to the present time, that education has continued to be given through the machinery supplied by a distinctively medieval institution—an institution which still, even in the minute details of its organization, continues to exhibit its continuity with its two great thirteenth-century prototypes, medieval Paris and medieval Bologna.

Mr. Huxley's Humanism

(*Continued from page* 1085)

vast chaos of a Fair. Mr. Huxley, coming from the Holy Face into this place of dust and laughter, is moved to reflect that the laughers are wiser than the philosophers, "with the instinctive physical wisdom of life itself, which in the interest of living commands them to be inconsistent. It is life itself that, having made them obscurely unaware of Pascal's gulfs and horrors, bids them turn away from the baleful eyes of the Holy Face to the vast, chaotic noise of the Fair. It is life itself. And I, for one, have more confidence in the rightness of life than in that of any individual man, even if that man be Pascal."

His confidence in the wisdom of life, however, is not always with him. His attitude toward the industrial world is like Pascal's toward the frivolous world and its amusements, his language about the "talkies" as vitriolic as a church father's on the lusts of the flesh. The Lucca Fair was full of machine made amusements, steam organs, and such, and that was life itself with its wisdom and rightness. So is the whole modern world including talkies and other machinery, factories, commerce, standardized Babbitts, and worship of success, jazz, and vulgarity. Whatever epithets the preachers of new gospels may hurl at its indifferent head, it is all life itself, and probably has its own wisdom. It is not perishing with boredom, nor headed for a pit of pestilence. Mr. Huxley's alarms are overcharged, his confidence too easily upset. It may be—it looks as if—we were going through one of those secular experiences, like imperialization of Renaissance-Reformation rebirth and reform—experiences out of which the civilized world emerges not what it was before, having suffered a sea change into something usually strange if not rich. It is especially futlie to convert our nervou. reactions and dislikes into prophecies of doom. The long trail winds into the land of no man's dreams. It is a bumpy, exasperating road and no metaled highway. Humanist Mr. Huxley is disgusted with the part over which his era is passing, and uses intolerant language about it. He is blood brother of Puritan Edwards and Jansenist Pascal, with this difference, that he recognizes in due time—his philosophy includes the recognition—that the explosion is personal and probably temporary, not a pronunciamento from Sinai.

Every person, as well as the universe, is pluralistic, one and many, a continuum that is all flux and change. The recognition of the disquieting unevenness of reality, that life without and within is diverse, discontinuous, and immeasurably incidental, is the connecting thread of his thought. He says, in effect, with Emerson and Whitman: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself"; and adds, in effect: "Why shouldn't I? I am a colony of personalities. So are you. And if we are humanists and life worshippers, we admit the diversity and welcome it. We do not suppress, starve, or murder any of our personalities, or instincts, or desires, or aptitudes. We make the best of them. We make the most of them. No one is consistent who is wholly alive."

I am not complaining of the inconsistency. Only I do not seem to follow with sympathetic woe his jeremiads on "the Bitch Goddess, Success"—"the mass insanity everywhere apparent."—"Ours is a spiritual climate in which the immemorial decencies find it hard to flourish. Another generation or so should see them definitely dead." It is an old tune: "The world is very evil, the times are waxing late." Neither Calvinist, nor cultured humanist in his mood of revulsion, describes "life as it really is," or was, or will be. To the mood of this generation the humanists' ideal seems to have sense in it. It seems to square with possibilities, and run in the direction of our groping. Let us be life worshippers rather than death worshippers; and open to the revelation of life as it is, diverse, disquieting, consoling. Mysticism and visions, since they are experiences, are as much realities as the wind on the face or the shoes on the feet. Humanism rejects nothing human. *Chacun à son gout.* The purpose of living is to live. Without contrast and diversity life is inconceivable. Perfection is the same as annihilation. "The life worshipper is not, like Pascal, a man of principle; he is a man of many principles, living discontinuously." Neither is he for moderation or compromise, but rather for a balance of excesses. The world has been moved by those who lived excessively. But to live excessively in one direction is to become an incarnate function. There have been epochs when the life worshippers were the representative men, Athenian, Elizabethan, the men of the Renaissance, brilliant, enigmatic people, so sensual and yet so spiritual, so active and yet so contemplative, so religious and yet so cynical. No devotee of respectable consistency can understand "human beings who dared to be free, to realize all their natural diversity, to be wholly alive."

> He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.
> Abstinence sows sand all over
> The ruddy limbs and flaming hair.

The essay on (Saint) Francis and Grigory (Rasputin) is oddly hostile to Francis and friendly to Grigory, oddly but understandably as soon as one recognizes that Mr. Huxley's likes and dislikes are doctrinaire as well as personal, that he has a slant as distinct as Francis's or Pascal's. Prophets inveighing against the age regard and describe their message or leading as a break from some confining and pestilential alley into the open, into broad fields of truth, freedom, nature, reality; into width and outlook, into life as it really is. But the hotter the invective the more surely they are found to be heading down some other, and perhaps a preferable, alley. Personally I like Mr. Huxley's alley, as well as his reckless attack and casual weapons. Apropos of Brother Juniper and the pig, and Francis's indifference to the pig's mutilation from the standpoint of the pig (which is thoroughly medieval but a long story)—"So far as we are concerned," is his headlong comment, "the whole point about animals is that, in Whitman's words:

> They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
> They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
> They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
> No one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
> Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived a thousand years ago,
> Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

I like also the point that Whitman is making, his council to feverish humanity. Nevertheless most animals do patently some of these things, and every man, who has lived familiarly with any common mongrel or everyday dog, has seen him do (to reasonable inference and after some fashion) every single one of them. He has seen him remorseful, dissatisfied, demented with the ownership of a bone, cringing to other dogs, industriously digging at rabbit holes, respectably guarding his master's golf clubs and thereby self-conscious of official status. Every owner of such a dog has loved him chiefly for the humanness of him. He is himself the dog's God, and has probably watched the conscientious animal inwardly discussing his duty to that God. Kneeling to his kind of a thousand years ago is asking a bit too much, but he is apt for any transient humility that he can compass.

Mr. Huxley is harsh to Francis because he does not like his alley. It is clear enough that Francis was naturally vainglorious. The presumption is that his extraordinary eagerness and heat in the pursuit of humility was not that his humility was also vainglorious, but that it was his reaction, his effort in excess to suppress and destroy an excessive characteristic. He was no incarnate function, but very human, something of an oddity, and to a tolerant humanist ought to be likable. But a humanist can be tendencious and prejudiced as any other doctrinaire. He can be as unfair to Francis as any debunker in the market. He can twist the animal kingdom out of its nature to the text of his sermon, and call that the whole point about animals which happens to have very little application to animals. But the beauty of Mr. Huxley's humanism, with its pluralistic universe and colony of personalities, is that, whatever he may say, however violently one personality may collide with another, it is all somewhere acceptable within the many mansions of his hospitable conception.

Moonshiners and Others

THE ROAD TO WILDCAT. By Eleanor de la Vergne Risley. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Newbell Niles Puckett

THE old Corinthian Sisyphus brought nothing back from his mountain top except the weariness of rock-pushing, but the whimsical Chinese wheelbarrow of the same name trundled by Mrs. Risley, her husband Peter, and their dog John through the Appalachians from Alabama northward returns with a rich cargo of things seen and deeds done. Tidbits of folk life are gathered at random along the way in a blithesome, free and easy fashion which is most delightful in its playful unrestraint, but which gives more an air of casually assembled museum wonders than of definitive evolutionary sequences with antecedents and backgrounds meticulously worked out.

Unethical moonshiners who use "red-devil lye" to hasten the makings are introduced jowl to jowl with "Apostolics" who have been healed of pellagra by prayer; the village atheist who faces his house to the rear to avoid looking into the Hard Shell church across the road rubs typographical elbows with the fanatic at Posey Hollow who handles rattlesnakes to test the power of his faith, and the Fundamentalist who clinches his argument regarding science versus the Bible by the query: "Whin did one o' thim science books ever comfort a broken heart, er change a bad man suddent into a good man?" Untraveled mountain women whose social position is judged by the size and quality of their trunks and who eat and worship in scrupulous sex-separation, peach-pickers, snake-smellers, Sacred Harp singers, Indians and Negroes, the insane and the orphaned, follow one another in a fascinating succession lined into a skilful unity by the much-mended Sisyphus and the chronology of travel.

It should not be inferred from this use of deft, jaunty sketches that the author is unfamiliar with the deeper motives behind the behavior of her mountain characters. Throughout she exhibits that deep sympathy and understanding essential for the blending of humor and pathos, of sublimities and crudities, into a pattern of rich warmth and color. Her descriptions are accurate and such brief sketches as the effects of cotton culture and of life in the mill villages upon a mountain folk reveal an intimate knowledge of broader principles involved. A graceful, sprightly style, an unerring *flair* for the vivid and interesting, and an effective use of mountain dialect all conspire to make this a most realistic and absorbing account of these backwoods people of eastern America.

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Strength Out of Norway

THE TROUGH OF THE WAVE. By Olav Dunn. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Phillips D. Carleton

"THE Trough of the Wave" is the first volume of six on the same subject, the history of a Norwegian family through the nineteenth century. This book, opening during the first two decades of the nineteenth century, deals primarily with the first great adjustment the family has to make, a concession to modernity. The old Juvikings, an alien stock, had come into the fjord from parts unknown, poor and fierce. They had acquired through the years a very fine farm, had held themselves aloof and proud, brought in their wives from out of the parish. As the book opens, old Per, the chieftain, dies amid great portents; the old heathen ideals die with him, and the farm is left to the two sons. Per, the elder, has in him the leaven of a new civilization; he is a strong and responsible man, but has none of his father's ruthlessness. Jens, the younger, is a half-tamed heathen, eager to avoid the dull coils of domesticity, bursting through the snares that have been set for him. Per leaves Juvik and a tradition that he can no longer support, and starts anew on another farm, with a perplexed and troubled wife. He becomes the first real peasant of the arrogant line of the Juvikings: amenable to superstition, sensitive to the society about him. The internal struggle is too great; he dies in the old tradition, seeing in his son the rising of a new strain. "Now I see nothing before me but you. And you're like a great wild cherry tree, Anders, with blossoms and fruit both—now we'll make a fresh start, Anders!"

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It is a novel of hearty, rapid action, brusque insight, written in a rolling, crackling prose. It is the vigor of this prose that astonishes and pleases—a new thing for the readers of Norwegian fiction because it is written in a new medium, a new-old language, the landsmaal of Norway. The peasant for the first time speaks for himself; there is a vitality about him that is lacking in the many careful and detailed studies of him that have heretofore appeared. He is to be observed from the inside out. The reason is this: that for the first time the peasant, educated or uneducated, can enter literature in his own colloquial garb of speech; he is under no necessity of translating his tale into what is to him practically a foreign language. This book is one of the many results of a Norwegian movement analogous in many respects to the Celtic Renaissance. For nearly five hundred years, Norway was under the dominion of Denmark and Danish gradually modified through the centuries became the speech of the ruling classes. Polished in the nineteenth century, it became the vehicle of expression for Ibsen and Bjornsen, Hamsun and Undset. But along with this speech, the language of the peasant, directly derived from the Old Norse, continued in all the many dales of Norway, and, by the middle of the last century, a strenuous effort was under way to elevate that language to the level of a literary tongue. Ivar Aasen, Vinje, and Arne Garborg were the great protagonists of this movement. They codified the dialects, produced a dictionary, worked out a kind of form of grammar for the reader, campaigned for its legal recognition. Within the last decade the efforts of this very determined band of men have been successful; landsmaal is accepted on a legal parity with the Danish-Norwegian, it is taught in the schools, and its authors have already produced a fine mass of discriminating literature. But it must be remembered that the authors who are producing this literature are not writing in an artificial speech—in this language that is taught in the schools—but each is writing his own dialects with only slight modifications. Nor must it be supposed that this literature is primitive and simple; it is astonishingly rich in vocabulary and most flexible—capable of lending distinction to a folk tale, or of the most acute introspective analysis.

Olav Dunn is a university man, and now a teacher, but he was bred in the North and early acquainted with its tradition as he has shown in his first book of stories that redeem the folk tale from the absurdities of dialect and give it strength and dignity. This great work of his—"The Juvikings"—can rightly be called by that much abused term, saga; it has the force and movement of the saga, the saga's hearty gusto of living, and the saga's lack of introspection often fruitless. Its essential thesis is the struggle of a family to adapt its heathen ideals to the modern world and to Christianity; or in other words it depicts the change from a culture to a civilization. Its chief virtue is that it displays the culture of the peasant, his essential self, more clearly than the works of any other author save Garborg.

Translating this volume was, of course, a very difficult piece of work; the translator had to walk a tight rope between an easy colloquialism and a too formal literary English. He has succeeded very well, save that he makes one mistake—he confuses the ordinary gender distinctions of the language with personifications which the author had no intention of making.

Crooked Dick

CROUCHBACK. By Carola Oman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

THIS tale is not so much the story of "crooked Dick" who rose by crooked courses to be Richard III, King of England, as it is the story of his pale wife, Anne Neville, daughter of Warwick the kingmaker, and wedded successively to the last of the House of Lancaster and the last of the house of York. Through Anne's eyes one sees the family, all related to her in one way or another, and all related, intricately, to each other, whose quarrels tore England into tatters for thirty years, whose blood stained every field from St. Albans to Bosworth, and whose pride, jealousy, and mutual distrust could find no outlet at the last but mutual extermination. It is not for nothing that Carola Oman is the daughter of the learned historian whose labors have cast so much light upon fifteenth century England. One feels that, like her heroine, Anne, she has grown up with these little Plantagenets and Nevilles, that Warwick is more real to her than Kitchener, Henry VI than Queen Victoria, and that she is more at home in their England of grim castles, smiling fields, and hawthorn scented highways than in the grime and petrol fumes of modern London. Few ponderous histories are so scholarly, so accurate, and so sympathetic a recreation of a past time as her unpretending novel.

Under the eyes of the Lady Anne unrolled the pageant of those glittering, steel-clad days, the feasts, the hunts, the battles, the triumphal entries, the sudden executions. And around her went on the intrigues, the schemings, the flarings up of hatred, the calculated revenges, the impulsive reversals of policy. For was she not one of the family and were not all politics in fifteenth century England family matters? Anne's point of view is priceless for the intimate glimpses it affords of that fateful family and that colorful time. But it has its disadvantages. Anne was too much like the saintly king and too little like the other Nevilles and Plantagenets quite to feel the fierce heart beat of that family. A dove may be fledged among a brood of hawks; it cannot for all that, understand them. So that Anne's eyes, clear enough in the kitchen or the hall, are clouded with fear when they look upon blood or steel. In these deftly imagined court memoirs one sees Warwick mainly as the indulgent father, Edward IV mainly as the hot-blooded young rake slowly growing old and fat. And crouchback Richard passes among these burly figures like an ominous shadow: blond, pale, smiling, enigmatic, and vaguely terrible. Historical research has told us of the last Plantagenet only that we know less about him than Shakespeare thought he knew. And Miss Oman is too conscious of her history here, to be quite the artist. What manner of man this Richard really was, whether the monster of tradition or the patriot statesman of recent apologists, she will not guess. She will not even tell us—and surely Anne must have known!—whether his deformity was a slander of his enemies, a shadow of some crook in his subtle mind, or an actual hump between his shoulders.

Percy A. Scholes, the music critic, is engaged on a history of music in a new form. The work, which is in six volumes, is to consist of fifty double-sided gramophone records with an accompanying series of illustrated books. The first volume will be announced shortly. It will take from two to three years to produce the whole set.

A fine illustrated manuscript copy of "The Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám, comprising two hundred and six quatrains, has been found in the shop of a Calcutta book-dealer. It probably dates from 1505, forty-six years later than the Bodleian Library copy, which is the oldest so far discovered.

Before "The Pathway"

DANDELION DAYS. By Henry Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

"DANDELION DAYS" is the second volume in the tetralogy, "The Flax of Dream," of which "The Pathway" is the fourth. It describes the boyhood of William Maddison, as "The Pathway" describes the climax of his life and his death, and "The Beautiful Years," published in this country last fall, describes his childhood. Like "The Beautiful Years," this book was published some time ago in England, and is now issued for the first time in the United States; but Mr. Williamson says in his dedicatory epistle that he has so extensively revised it since its first publication that only seventeen sentences remain of that version.

It is impossible, therefore, to conjecture accurately the effect that "Dandelion Days" had on its first appearance; but one may say that if it had then had its present form, any one reading it in 1922 must have felt that its singularly lucid style, its descriptions of nature, so objective, yet with an undercurrent of emotion too deep for tears, and its pervasive individuality, made it a second novel of unusual promise. But any one reading it now, after "The Pathway," after "Tarka the Otter," or after "The Wet Flanders Plain," must find it a disappointment. It has the feeling for the land that distinguishes all Mr. Williamson's work, and one can never have too much of that; but "The Pathway" had that and so much besides, of depth of character, of mysticism, of poignant tragedy, of philosophy! And there is very little of these in "Dandelion Days."

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One felt a similar disappointment in "The Beautiful Years," but that was the story of a child; one was content to wait for the promised "Dandelion Days," confidently expecting that with adolescence Maddison would begin to show some of the feeling for the inner reality for which one remembers hi and would certainly experience some of the searc ing questionings and trials that were to go to t making of the martyr soul of "The Pathway." F Willie is still a fairly ordinary schoolboy. Indeed, when one considers the emotional agonies of most adolescents in literature (to say nothing of what one knows of them in life) Willie seems even insensitive. Mr. Williamson remarks, almost parenthetically:

> He was conscious, too, of his unmanly appearance. A year previously he had attracted the notice of a certain senior boy, who had told him how pretty he was—a pleasing experience at the time. Both boys had fallen in love; there had been a few secret meetings in the alley behind the woodwork shop, and in the lavatories, which fascinated Willie at the time, but shamed him now in retrospect; meetings of a mutual furtive seeking. The phase had passed; the Sixth Form boy had, the previous term, gone up to Cambridge.

And that is literally all that is said of the part played by sex in Willie's difficult schoolboy years. There is nothing at all said of his thoughts about God and truth; apparently he had not begun to think about them. Of all the qualities which distinguish him in maturity, Maddison as boy has only the love of nature; and even that is only a keen pleasure in being outdoors and a fondness for bird's nesting, instead of the very religion that it later becomes.

The war, of course, developed him, as we were told in "The Pathway"; the present book just takes him to the beginning of the war, with an epigraph to show that he had lied about his age and enlisted as a private. No doubt his development as a whole will prove to be natural. But one cannot help feeling that if he was to find his soul so late his earlier life was not worth describing quite at such length as it has been given in these two volumes.

This seems ungracious, and even ungrateful, to one of the most distinguished of living writers. If this were eight years ago, it would be a duty and a delight to point out the beauty of Mr. Williamson's style, and the intimacy of his friendship with the country. But Mr. Williamson's gifts are by now well known; and one must confess that this second novel, even in its revised form, shows some, but not all, and not the greatest of them.

J. B. Priestley is to dramatize his novel, "The Good Companions," thus making his first appearance as a playwright. An operatic version, also, w probably be made.

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Sex and Its Cure

LOVE IN THE MACHINE AGE. By FLOYD DELL. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WILLIAMS BINKLEY

THE trend of the times in sex revolution shows itself in Mr. Dell's book in two ways. In the first place, the peak of excitement over the discovery of sex in the United States is passing. The humblest juryman now knows something about the bees and flowers. Humor and restraint once again have a place in sex discussions, and the result is that a debate on love in the machine age can proceed without the heavy hush of dark revelations on the one hand or, on the other, the blare of an advertising campaign. If the author crusades, it is not for sex freedom, but for the wider ideal of individual freedom from all hampering traditions. It is to be further noted that the locus of the sex morals problem has shifted from the rebellions of youth to the perplexities of middle age. The very persons who a few years ago were fighting the battles of sex freedom, now find themselves guided into the other camp by the critical conservatism of their children. Agitation over the behavior of flaming adolescents has subsided, and we are now more concerned with parents whose inadvertent caresses or old-fashioned sternness may blight the lives of their offspring. The sex revolution has moved forward with its generation.

This is not to imply that Mr. Dell writes in a disillusioned spirit or without enthusiasm. He presents his case for the machine age with the earnest sincerity of one who in truth believes that his knowledge "can help human beings to achieve individual emotional happiness." He recognizes the existence of a youthful conflict with sex conventions, but his book is not a counsel to rebellion as much as it is an attempt to prefigure a social situation in which rebellion shall be unnecessary. The philosophy he presents rests on three points: that the normal goal of youth is a passionate love that shall lead to the permanence of marriage and family; that happiness in love as in other aspects of life in modern civilization depends on the achievement of emotional as well as physical maturity; and that science is a law for man as well as for thing, and can furnish a means to securing the happiness of complete maturity.

* * *

In the patriarchal tradition the author sees the great obstacle to the attainment of the twin goals of heterosexuality and adulthood. Whoever follows the ideals of the patriarchal system, becomes an unhappy misfit in the civilization of the machine age. The father who assumes an attitude of "ultimate wisdom and authority" is patriarchal and hinders the proper development of his children. The possessive mother who seeks from her offspring the emotional satisfaction she lacks in a loveless marriage warps the children in their adjustment to the world and is herself a victim of patriarchal custom. The rebel against marriage who finds release in sex liaisons is as much a slave to patriarchialism as the conservative who bursts into tears as he defends the old-fashioned family at a sociologists' convention. "The patriarchal mind can be detected by its incapacity for realizing that heterosexuality is something which requires time and experience for its development to the point of sexual mating."

The Machine Age enters into the story somewhat in the guise of a heroic rescue party. Mankind was held in the grip of a nefarious patriarchal conspiracy, based on land economy and a military clan system. Fathers feared their growing sons and kept them in a subservient condition. Daughters were married off for profit. Prostitution and homosexuality took the place of the biological love pattern. Then came the Machine. It altered the relations of the family to property and liberated work and love from patriarchal-family bondage. Courtship and mating on a basis of romantic love became possible. In short, "modern machinery . . . laid the basis for a more biologically normal family life than has existed throughout the whole of the historical period." The rescue having been effected it remains but to spread the news to those who have not yet heard that they are free.

* * *

The remedy for the ills of the transition period before everyone enters into the full freedom of the Machine Age, is sought in the methods of mental hygiene, with its child guidance, its psychiatric surveys, and its investigations into the lives of industrial workers, delinquent adolescents, and neurotic adults. When every parent knows how to deal with his child's emotional conflicts and when every adolescent is properly adjusted, there will no longer be any basis for the complaint that the path of true love runs not smooth. The cave man, the gay deceiver, and the sheik will give way to the "emancipated, heterosexual youth." The source of disillusionment and frustration will have disappeared.

As a layman the author may be forgiven for a certain open-handed manner of dealing with scientific generalities. He finds a patriarch lurking in every corner of institutional history. But like Ferrero he pleads that his theory may be useful, even if it is in part untrue. He likes to write history in terms of psychology, and psychology in terms of economics. Thus in the library that is rapidly accumulating on the question of love in the modern world, this book may stand as an example of the trend toward the merging of disciplines which is now the vogue in the academic world, as combination is the fashion in the world of industry.

Scepticism Reconciled

THE SCEPTICAL BIOLOGIST. By JOSEPH NEEDHAM. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930.

Reviewed by RAYMOND PEARL
The Johns Hopkins University

MOST of the wide-ranging essays which make up this volume are already well known to biologists, and have excited more or less discussion, especially among the younger men in the graduate schools. Mr. Needham belongs to one of the liveliest groups of biological investigators in the world today—the Department of Biochemistry at Cambridge University, headed by Sir F. Gowland Hopkins, a Nobel laureate for his pioneer work on vitamins, and including on its staff that extraordinary genius, J. B. S. Haldane. Something about the place seems to breed a fine spirit of intellectual daring.

The present era of biology is characterized rather more by doing than by thinking. The enormous new fields of relatively easy tillage opened out by key discoveries in genetics (Mendelism) and biochemistry (vitamins) early in the present century made it obviously more than commonly profitable for the young biologist to exercise the muscles of his hands and eyes rather than his cerebral ganglion cells. Biological philosophers are infrequent at the moment. In consequence they are unusually welcome, especially when they write clearly and entertainingly and also have the wide range of knowledge and the nice antiquarian and literary taste of Mr. Needham.

Under the guise of a pleasant and seemingly casual series of historical essays about such worthies as Anaxagoras, Lucretius, Robert Boyle, William Harvey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and various others, Mr. Needham has set himself the considerable task of evaluating philosophically the methods and conclusions of biology, and bringing them into proper relation to the rest of science, to metaphysics, and to religion. What may fairly be regarded as the central thought in a book which is sadly lacking in unity, is that while the working methodology of science must always and inevitably be mechanistic it is possible to dodge the large difficulties inherent in a mechanistic philosophy which have been perceived by various persons from Aristotle to Eddington, by the simple device of saying, with one of our popular strip cartoonists, "it don't mean anything." Thus we are told:

> So we may regard the mechanistic view of the world as a legitimate methodological distortion, capable of application to any phenomenon whatever, and possessing no value at all as a metaphysical doctrine. Such a standpoint let us call Neo-mechanism.
>
> We now possess a conception of the mechanistic theory of life as a method, the method of scientific exploration, in fact, and only methodologically representing truth. Moreover, this method can be applied to no matter what. Things that do not fit into its metrical scheme can certainly not be treated scientifically, but may be none the less valid for all that; what is impertinent in Physics may yet be well inquired in Metaphysic. In the past, of course, the mechanistic theory of life has nearly always been treated as a philosophy and not as a methodological fiction.

In this position Needham grounds himself on Lotze and Vaihinger (the *As If* philosopher), but is not prepared to go all the way to the *ignorabimus* of the latter. Instead he gives evidence throughout the book of a naive desire to have his cake and eat it too. "If the unification of experience be not possible to reason," says Needham, "it may be to intuition." And further: "I have often thought, with what justice it is not easy to say, that in this matter the means may be much more important than the completed end." This is all very well, but, if espoused, what then becomes the price of science, and, more important, of the scientific method, of which Mr. Needham is such an ardent advocate? Why wait till reason shall have failed, if it does, before turning on the intuition tap? If the intuitional waters are healing to the posterior the presumption is that they would be equally valuable if interiorly exhibited. In short, nobody but an astronomer or perhaps a fool would go to all the dreary drudgery of laborious measuring if he could write a Nautical Almanac by intuition. And he should be able to do this if he expects to get any comfort out of intuition about anything *after* his Nautical Almanac is written. Either intuition is a reliable guide to an understanding of nature or it isn't. If it is, science is a complete futility; if it is not, prating about its possibilities is nonsense.

* * *

Hunting with the hounds of science and running with the hare of mysticism seems to be the most popular thoughtful sport of our time. Eddington, and our own Millikan, jointly fill the M. F. H. job. Needham is a devoted follower.

> Science and religion have been brought together by being reduced to the same place. It seems likely that far from being, as the Victorians thought, two opposing, incompatible, and mutually destructive theories of the universe, they are two states of mind, two attitudes, and there is no reason to suppose that they may not co-exist in the same person at different times. The two are, to use the familiar phrase, "in the same boat."
>
> It would be as extravagant to claim the present-day scientific investigator sets down bits of absolute truth in his laboratory notebook, and, armed with an infallible method, explores the real structure of an objective world, as it would be fantastic to claim that Jehovah dictated an absolute code of the good to Moses on Mount Sinai. In other words, to say that the functions of the kidney or the brain can best be described in a mechanical way is not to say that they are mechanical and nothing else.
>
> The important point is that the religious experience is no more and no less directly in touch with the real than scientific experience; it is only another way of exercising our faculties. From this point of view the concepts of goodness, personality, omnipotence, and so on, are seen to be totally inadequate when applied to God, the Incomprehensible, the Ineffable, the One.

The amazing development of science and philosophy typified by these remarks just quoted, parallels to which are to be found in recent popular writings of some of the most eminent living physicists, may possibly represent what people like to think of as "truth" or "reality." But do they? What makes some dubious about it, who are constitutionally even more sceptical about things and ideas than Mr. Needham, is the tone of dogmatic certainty with which these alternate depreciations of science and appreciations of the mystic, the occult, and the religious are set forth. Now, at last, we are told, we understand these things—of course there are many minor details to be cleared up by the further prosecution of science, but in principle all is finally clear. The true sceptic, however, is reminded that precisely that is what all philosophers have always said. And the human biologist cannot forget the plain teaching of history, that great misery has followed in train whenever human beings have acquired power to work their will on their fellows upon the basis of a philosophy of mysticism or supernaturalism. It is easy for smart scientific philosophers of today to deride the simple ideas of the men who broke the shackles in which priests of various persuasions held men's minds for centuries, but they do not make it clear that all danger is past that those shackles may not be welded again, if scientific men invite it.

* * *

What has been said will have made it clear that "The Sceptical Biologist" is a provocative book. It is also an interesting and, in parts, a charming one. It can be recommended even for summer reading, because the author advocates scepticism, and there is really no need for any one to get hot or bothered over anything in it. The chief defect it has, considered as a book, is that it is a collection of essays, all or substantially all of which have been published separately and are here thrown together without much editing. There is a good deal of unnecessary repetition. Biologists will look forward to a unified philosophical *magnum opus* from Mr. Needham. Biology needs it, and so also, and perhaps even more, does Neo-mechanism.

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Dynamite

By G. NONEAL

CAST OF CHARACTERS

REVEREND BASS DRUM
MRS. DRUM, his wife
KETTLE DRUM, their son
SHRILL FIFE, their neighbor
MRS. FIFE, his wife
SHRILLA FIFE, their daughter

SCENE: *The exterior of the homes of the* FIFES *and* DRUMS *in a small town—in Connecticut, of course, under the elms. The two houses stand on the ground. They have doors and windows. There in furniture in them, tables, chairs, beds, and stoves, also pictures. Everything in them is cheap and ugly. Fortunately, none of it is visible to the audience.*

In one house lives the REVEREND BASS DRUM. *He is a rotund old man. His face is square, his mouth oblong, his nose triangular, his eyes round. One side of his long beard is snow white. So is the other. He has buttons on his coat.*

The other characters can better be imagined than described. In the absence of detailed specifications, the ordinary run of actors and actresses are available for casting, especially in the case of KETTLE DRUM. *It will be seen that a considerable supply of juvenile leads will be required, a new one for each performance. This part should be cast with a view to raising the average of the profession by these eliminations.*

It is the evening of a Fourth of July. Crackers are exploding fitfully nearby, with now and then the muffled roar of a giant cracker in the distance. Behind the houses shown in the set and against the dark evening sky, rockets and roman candles occasionally shoot up. The smell of gunpowder smoke is wafted out into the theatre. In general, everything possible should be done to make the audience explosive-minded.

The REVEREND BASS DRUM *is seen sitting on the front steps of his house. He has a Bible in one hand, a hymn-book in the other. Open upon his knees are a prayer-book and a Pilgrim's Progress. He is reading them all at once, for he is a very religious man. Also he is thinking out loud, but in small type.*

DRUM

Curses on everybody! Curses on that atheist Fife, who lives next door! . . . The lousy-son-of-a-so-and-so, I'd like to bash his head in with a brick! . . . Curses on his daughter, Shrilla, who is trying to entice my son, Kettle, into ways of sin! . . . Curses on my son, Kettle, who won't study his lessons! . . . Curses on my wife, Mrs. Drum, who is a snare—*a snare? (Suddenly horrified at the unintended pun)* Lord God, forgive me the slip of my unruly tongue!

MRS. DRUM

(*Sticks her head out of the window and thinks.*) There he sets . . . the Reverend Drum . . . thinking holy thoughts, dad blast him! . . . Lord! but I'm sick and tired of that old bag of wind! . . . I wish I had the courage to put rat-pizen in his coffee . . . I'll do it yet. (*Speaks in a gentle voice and larger type.*)

Bass dearest, you'll ketch your death o' cold settin' out there without no hat on.

DRUM

(*Oblivious. Still thinking out loud.*)
Oh Lord, strike them all dead with some disease, something not contagious, and let thy servant enjoy the peace that passeth understanding.

Oh, Elvira, is that you? I'll come in, but first I must tell you in the presence of God and this company (*Indicates the audience with appropriate gesture*) that I have decided. Kettle shall become a servant of the Lord. He shall enter the ministry.

MRS. DRUM

(*Thinks scornfully*)
He shall not! . . . Not if I know it. . . . I'd rather he was a bootlegger. . . . More money in it.
(*Speaks in an affectionate tone*)

Jest as you say, dear. Jest as you and the Lord wills.

DRUM

He shall be a minister and he shan't marry that harlot next door.

MRS. DRUM

Who? That painted flapper? I guess not. He'll marry the President's daughter like as not.

(*An unseen urchin throws in from the wings a lighted bunch of fire-crackers. They explode in a continuous crackle like machine-gun fire. The* DRUMS *are much startled.*)

Lordy me! That gave me a turn. Drat the boys! Come in, Bass, afore you get blowed up.

(*They go in.*)

KETTLE

(*Appears at his bed-room window and thinks*)
I wonder if there is a God. . . . Mr. Fife says there ain't and he's a smart man. . . . But pop says there is and he's been in the business a long time. . . . He ought to know. . . . Guess I better believe there is. . . . It's safer. . . . Gee! those lilacs smell sweet. . . . Remind me of Shrilla. . . . Dast I go out to meet her? . . . I'm afraid God'll strike me dead, if I go. . . . Anyhow, pop'll lick me, if he catches me. . . . But he won't see me now and maybe God ain't looking. . . . Gee! I got to see her.
(*He disappears from window.*)

FIFE

(*Comes out of his front door, followed by his wife. He thinks first*)
Look at that woman. . . . Ain't she terrible. . . . Fat as a hog and dumb as a cow. . . . Married to her. . . . For life and no time off for good behavior. . . . Ought to be a law to commute marriage to twenty years. . . . That'd let me out next week.

MRS. FIFE

(*Thinks next*)
When I first met Shrill he was a lineman. . . . Pity he didn't fall off a pole and break his damn neck. . . . I had enough of him years ago. . . . Got to go on now pretending all the rest of my life.
(*They go in.*)

SHRILLA

(*Comes out of the* FIFE *house to think*)
Where's that baby? . . . Gosh, he's a bashful kid. . . . I gotta teach him everything, show him how.

KETTLE

(*Comes out of his house, thinking*)
Lord, I'm scared. . . . Oh God, don't strike me dead! . . . If pop sees me he'll— . . . Yes and I'm scared of Shrilla, too. . . . I'm scared she'll kiss me. . . .

SHRILLA

Hello, kid!

KETTLE

(*Starts violently at the sound of someone actually speaking.*)
Goodness gracious, you scared me.

SHRILLA

(*Comes up to him and puts his arms around her.*)
Kiss me, kid.

KETTLE

(*Almost fainting with horror*)
Oh Shrilla, I can't! You know I can't. I got inhibitions and complexes. I just can't.
(*She kisses him elaborately.*)

MRS. DRUM

(*Comes out of her house, sees them and thinks* violently.)
There they are. . . . She's kissing him, the harlot! . . .

DRUM

(*Comes out of his house, sees them and thinks furiously.*)
Lord God of Righteous Vengeance, I thank Thee for Thou hast delivered them into my hands. . . . Now I'll lick hell out of them both.

FIFE

(*Comes out of his house, sees them and thinks sardonically.*)
Well, what do you know about that? . . . I don't know whether the joke's on me or Drum.

MRS. FIFE

(*Comes out of house, sees them and thinks sentimentally.*)
My, ain't that pretty! . . . Just like John Gilbert and Clara Bow.

SHRILLA

(*Is too busy kissing Kettle to think.*)

KETTLE

(*Sees them all and thinks agonizedly.*)
There's pop. . . . And her pop. . . . And she's kissing me. . . . I'm defiled. . . . I'm letting her kiss me. . . . So I'm guilty. . . . I like it. . . . So I'm damned. . . . And pop'll lick me, too. . . . And God's on his side. . . . I'm afraid of God. . . . And pop.

DRUM

(*Is about to seize* KETTLE *when some unseen urchin throws a giant dynamite cracker in from the wings and it explodes behind* DRUM. *He is thrown forward on his face and lies there crying.*)

Oh Lord, help me! Lord, help me!

KETTLE

Oh ho! So you're scared! You're calling on your God for help and you're not getting it. I'm not scared of you or your God any more. See here!

(*Grabs* SHRILLA *and hugs her violently, kissing her with abandon and perseverance.*)

How about that? And how do you like this?

(*Grabs* MRS. FIFE *and kisses her unconscious.*)

And this?

(*Catches* FIFE *with an upper-cut that lays him out.*)

I'm a tough guy now!

(*Kicks his father about the stage.*)

And here's one for you!

(*Hands his mother a slap in the eye.*)

Now do you still believe in God? There is no God but force. Force rules the world! Dynamite is God!

(*An unseen urchin tosses in another lighted giant cracker.* KETTLE *catches it, laughing wildly.*)

Here He is! This is my God!

(*He clasps the cracker to him, kissing it madly. It explodes and blows his head off.*)

CURTAIN

CHRISTOPHER WARD

An English Suburb

BUTTON HILL. By GORDON STOWELL. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARICE L. AIKEN

THIS is a novel which one must respect because or in spite of its unevenness. An autobiographical chronicle disguised as fiction is an experiment that would probably not have "come off" even with an experienced novelist. Its scope is too ambitious. "Button Hill" sets out to trace the birth, growth, and death of an English suburb through the vicissitudes of certain of its inhabitants. The result is something like a census or board-of-health report. The wholesale literary treatment of groups *en masse* is usually still born. The audience loses interest when the stage becomes a traffic jam at a cross-section. The contemporaneous births, adolescences, sex awakenings, betrothals, war enlistments, and deaths of Button Hill's "third generation" fail to coalesce or produce a feeling of unity. "Button Hill" might possibly have been performed as a pageant a Hollywood Bowl, but between two cardboard cc ers it is strangulated.

The first section where Button Hill Acquires a Mind approaches the dignity and formality of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Here the author has done careful work. But gradually, as Button Hill Acquires a Voice and other impedimenta, the author "lets go." He takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, puts his feet on the desk, and starts the gramophone playing a blues. The effect he gives of diving in, head, feet, and all, is not altogether displeasing, for it carries with it a refreshing impudence. But the author has not found his style, and he is meanwhile borrowing that of everyone else, from Gibbon to Gibbs. For his climax, he calls in Hardy's ghost. The last section which includes the part about the war is unbelievably false, English blurbs to the contrary. It is a burlesque of war, a schoolboy's composition on War and its Evils. It is sheer melodrama, with obnoxious doses of profanity, vulgarisms, and unconscious humor. Hero A's mother, dying at home, breathes a solicitous "Oh Alfred, your kidney, your congested kidney."

Mr. Stowell has a depressing habit of taking the reader into his confidence with a Y. M. C. A.-ish "You see," or "Nor can I say what would have happened, etc.," or "I cannot repeat the filthy remark here," or "A decent lad, Alan."

But buried underneath this pot-pourri of imitations and incredible cheapery is a delicious imagination, an original mind, and a nimble sense of humor. We are asked to look at the "moustaches of spray" which watercarts distribute. We see Mrs. Stewart in church "whose nose fell over her chin like Spurn Point on the map of Yorkshire." We are taken to a tea-party, a room buzzing "with a diversity of chatter, which if reproduced here would look as though the printer had gone mad." We are informed about Eric's father that "The only human being he could find who seemed to harbor doubts about the sanity of the war was a man who came to poke out the house drains. 'Funny sort o' goin's on,' said the drainman." "'Ere's all our bishops and suchlike offerin' up prayers to the Deity for vict'ry; and there's yon Krooger he's offerin' up prayers to the Deity too. Strikes me the Deity must be in a reg'lar pickle!'"

All that Mr. Stowell requires is to have a man to come and poke out the drains in *his* house.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

IT is time to get abreast of a number of items that have been accumulating in The Folder.

Our richest plum, the kind of thing that we would not believe if it didn't lie before us, heavily engraved, from a certain New York tailor, runs textually as follows:—

. . . . . .
requests the honour of
your attendance at
An Exhibition
of a gentleman's complete wardrobe
selected by
the former valet to Lord L.
whose reputation for correctness
in dress is never questioned
Afternoons from three to five, etc.

I only hope that may chance to meet the eye of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, the creator of Ruggles of Red Gap.

E. S. F. writes from Stanford University, California:—

An occasional ecclesiastical note in the Bowling Green leads me to think you may be interested in what follows.

In Hastings last summer I sought out the Round Church, "St. Mary in the Castle," hoping to find it as interesting as certain other round churches in England. It is, on the contrary, a singularly unattractive modern church with no feature of interest except a tiny chapel hewn out of the rock where water bubbles into the baptismal font from a living spring. This spring is said to have supplied William the Conqueror's castle, the ruins of which are on the cliff above. A leaflet which one buys in aid of parish funds reads: "The water has been analyzed by the public analyst. It is rich in minerals and wholesome for drinking. It contains sodium, calcium carbonate, calcium sulphate, magnesium chloride, sodium chloride & nitrate, silica, and a trace of iron. Each of these is symbolic of the Water of Life, which makes men the salt of the earth (sodium), generates the warmth of Divine Love in the heart (calcium), makes them Lights in the World and attractive (magnesium), strong to resist evil (iron), and, like silica, makes them God's jewels."

Thus does the Anglican Church turn the tables and quote chemistry to its purpose!

I was always vaguely depressed by the mysterious logarithm tables in the Prayer Book telling how to calculate the exact date of Easter by Golden Numbers and Dominical Letters. And my own old Book of Common Prayer, though listing the Dominical Letters until the year 8500 (which ought to be long enough; the centuries thereafter are cheerfully indicated by the symbol "&c") did not give the exact date of Easter later than 1899. Therefore, until the new revised Prayer Book came out I was always dubious about the Paschal date.

But the new Prayer Book (which we have praised before) is a great help. It gives the date of Easter every year to 2013, which will see most of us through. It also makes plain to me, what I never properly understood, that Easter is the first Sunday after the Full Moon which happens upon or next after March 21st; and if the Full Moon is on a Sunday, Easter is the succeeding Sunday.

"But NOTE," says the Prayer Book, "That the Full Moon, for the purposes of these Rules and Tables, is the 14th Day of a Lunar Month, reckoned according to an ancient Ecclesiastical computation, and not the real or Astronomical Full Moon."

But now, even better, the London *Observer* prints a delightfully complicated formula for calculating the date of Easter, and attributes it to Gauss, the famous German mathematician. Thus:—

(1) Divide the number of the year by 19; let the remainder=a.

(2) Divide the number of the year by 4; let the remainder=b.

(3) Divide the number of the year by 7; let the remainder=c.

(4) Divide 19a+24 by 30; let the remainder=d.

(5) Divide 2 b+4c+6d+5 by 7; let the remainder=e.

Easter will be 22+d+e of March; remembering that if this number exceeds 31, you are to reckon it into April.

For example, taking the year 1931:—

(1) $\frac{1931}{19}$=101 and remainder 12; therefore a=12.

(2) $\frac{1931}{4}$=482 and remainder 3; therefore b=3.

(3) $\frac{1931}{7}$=275 and remainder 6; therefore c=6.

(4) $\frac{(19\times12)+24}{30}$=8 and remainder 12; therefore d=12.

(5) $\frac{(2\times3)+(4\times6)+(6\times12)+5}{7}=\frac{107}{7}$=15 and remainder 2; therefore e=2.

22+d+e=36; therefore Easter 1931 will be the 36th of March, viz. the 5th of April; which the Prayer Book ratifies as correct.

I have slipped Herr Gauss's formula in my Prayer Book; it may be a resource during a long sermon.

A copy of E. J. Pratt's book *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe*, in which the famous sea-rescue is honored in a long poem, happened to reach me just when Captain David Bone, master of the *Transylvania*, was in port. It is always the custom of the Bowling Green to try to get its reviewing done by experts, and I had a hunch about Mr. Pratt's poem though I had not read a line of it. At a meeting of the 3 Hours for Lunch Club I gave the book to Captain Bone. He reports:

You don't know what you gave me. Or did you really know, and just have an impish desire to put something across me? Here I am, three hours later, God knows how many important affairs forgotten, just reaching the last line of it, and—in less than an hour's reading—I have lived days with Captain Fried on the bridge of his *Roosevelt*. Here and now, by virtue of some years' service at sea, I accord this fellow Pratt the right to call funnels "stacks" or "pipes" or anything else he pleases, for he has got the real spirit of this splendid engagement rightly expressed.

Do you remember we once discussed the matter of seamen's Log Books, and on, in some quaint chain of thought, to sailorlike expressions? You were amused at my harking back to the classics. I maintained that we began with Homer: that we were sparing in the use of words, being content to have but one rope in our hands at a time. Did I mention that our oft-repeated irony when things look dark—"Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea"—was distinctly a paraphrase of Horace. Well. Here we have a lad, this Pratt, who writes about a deed comparable with the exploits of the Trojan Wars in a veritably Homeric way. It reads like an honest entry in the Log Book.

A less understanding writer would have commenced with the active signal of distress: he would have ended on the triumphant note of the syren as the derelict *Antinoe* foundered. But Pratt saw the matter begin with the shuffling feet of the *Roosevelt's* crowd as they stepped up to sign on the Commissioner's office in Hoboken: he saw the final word almost as Miller would write it in his Mate's Log Book. (I wonder if that Log Book has been properly preserved. I would like to see whether Miller wrote "Proceeded as requisite" or "resumed the voyage *towards* Bremen." Mark you, we do not use the proposition *to* in description of the voyage.)

DAVID W. BONE.

From "Couching Lion Farm," Waterbury, Vermont, come some Whitman memoranda which we are just in time to print on Walt's birthday:—

As you seem to conduct a sort of clearing house for the patrons of Walt Whitman, I have a bit of bibliographic information that may be of interest. It will be recalled that in 1915 Chatto & Windus of London brought out a neat edition of the *Drum-Taps*, with an introduction reprinted from the Literary Supplement of the *London Times*. The introduction was obviously the writing of a first-rate literary man; and, as I am interested in all matters concerning Whitman, I questioned from time to time my British friends in the hope that I might learn its authorship. But no one knew who wrote the introduction. Furthermore, I was told that it was contrary to the policy of the *Times* to divulge the names of its writers.

As I am at work on a book dealing with *Walt Whitman and His Contemporaries*, I put my question to the Editor of the Literary Supplement. Lately there came a letter from Mr. Walter de la Mare in which he says, "I have the consent of the Editor of the *Times* to tell you that I was responsible for the article, and if you wish to make use of this information neither he nor I will have any objection."

The attention of your customers should be called to an article on "Walt Whitman in England" by Dr. Harold Blodgett of Dartmouth College in the *American Mercury* for last August. He mentions that when Whitman died, according to a cablegram at the time to the New York *Times* from Harold Frederic (its London correspondent), the Good Gray Poet was given twice the space by the English press that the death of James Russell Lowell had evoked a few months earlier.

Dr. Blodgett also mentions the exclamation "For God Almighty's sake, don't present your letter of introduction to Walt Whitman; he is a rowdy, a tough, and a loafer" that Lowell is reported to have uttered when a visiting British man of letters told him that Lord Houghton had given him a letter of introduction to the bard at Camden. I wonder if any of your patrons may be able to give the name of the visiting Englishman who was the bearer of that letter? Rumor has it that it was Matthew Arnold, but that seems a bit unlikely, since Arnold had already given such strong disapproval of *Leaves of Grass*, and he scarcely would have accepted such a letter.

WILL S. MONROE.

Captain Felix Riesenberg has recently enriched five successive issues of the *Nautical Gazette* with comment on one of the world's great books which merely literary people rarely see—Alexander George Findlay's *North Atlantic Directory*. For our mutual education let me quote a line or so from Riesenberg's tribute to that "heroic work":—

Findlay has never been pushed, as they call it, by his publisher; no committee has ever lauded him, at least not within the last fifty years or so; and the many pundits who cross the North Atlantic, blindly, are oblivious of the thing that so filled our author with inspiration. Findlay's *North Atlantic*, to my way of thinking, comes very close to overshadowing *Moby Dick*. Melville wrote of a mythical whale, but Findlay has taken a whole ocean, full of whales and covered by a universe, and his ships are marshaled in fleets, his span of time is prodigious, his aim is practical with the transcendental quality of mysticism felt but not exploited.

I think it is just about a year since this department remarked of *All Quiet on the Western Front* that we hoped it would sell a million copies. We meant, of course, in the English language. Its sale in all languages, up to this spring, were given as 2,515,000. Its total sale in the English and American editions, about 700,000. It is still banned in Italy.

Thought while reading in bed: How pleasant to find a novel which is well tucked-in at the bottom, so the toes of your mind don't get cold.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Tribal Songs

SONGS OF THE COAST DWELLERS. By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NO one in the field of American Indian interpretation — with the exceptions of Mary Austin and the late Natalie Curtis Burlin—no poet at least has been more dexterous than Constance Lindsay Skinner. She has not "rendered" the tribal songs, she has recreated them.

"Songs of the Coast Dwellers," however, are not adaptations of Indian chants; they are neither the painfully onomato-poetic translations that look less like lyrics than distorted phonetics nor the stilted perversions that might well be rejected Smithsonian theses. Mrs. Skinner has chosen British Columbia for her background and the life she mirrors has been revitalized in her original work. The customs portrayed may no longer be practiced in Vancouver; the present reviewer cannot pass upon the authenticity of Mrs. Skinner's anthropology nor her orthography. But the inspiration of her verse is manifestly genuine, the rhythms are at once harsh and natural. Such poems as "Song of Whip-Plaiting," "I Sing of the Desired," "Song of the Full Catch" are accomplishments. They are excellent ethnology and, what is even rarer, they are poetry.

Apropos of the laureateship the *Manchester Guardian* says: "Bad and good poets have held the post, but neither have determined for all time exactly what the post should imply. If, on the one hand, it no longer compels the production of a long series of formal exercises, there is, on the other, no need to assume that it must be a sinecure, though it would be greedy to expect a large output from a poet in direct exchange for a sum of money which is less than that which an ordinary successful novelist can command for a short story. There is something a little comic in the thought that it should be Southey (who showed throughout his life that his inspiration, such as it was, was on tap) who first claimed that as Laureate he should write only if the spirit moved him. To-day there would be no need to make such a claim. No one in authority is going to demand of any Poet Laureate that he shall celebrate promptly in verse as immortal as possible events by which he is naturally stirred. No Poet Laureate is likely to be in the position of the poet who was taken with him by an English king to celebrate the invasion of Scotland, and, being captured by the Scots, was made to change his tune and sing out of the other side of his mouth."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The Needs of the Child

THE NEW GENERATION: The Intimate Problems of Modern Parents and Children. Edited by V. P. CALVERTON and SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE HENRY PAYNE
Author of "A History of the Child in Human Progress"

THIRTY-TWO writers have combined to make "The New Generation" a book, interesting in the main, well written for the most part, but dominated on the whole by rancor against religion, God, Christianity, the home, the family, parents, marriage, monogamy, large families, anti-homo-sexualism, the state, capitalism, civilization, and Theodore Roosevelt. The two papers by Havelock Ellis and Professor Malinowski, on "Perversion in Childhood and Adolescence," and "Parenthood, the Basis of Social Structure," are noteworthy for many reasons, but particularly because, with the sure touch of genuine scholarship and maturity, they administer considerable reproof to their iconoclastic associates.

In fairness to the editors, V. P. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen, it must be said that they have not striven for "any final consistency of conclusion on the part of the many authors whose work is included in this volume." It is well that they did not do so, otherwise the book would be without two, at least, of its most important contributions.

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It cannot be said, however, that even the essays of Ellis and Malinowski make the volume a well-balanced one. The scholarly and impartial pediatrist will be amused at the lyrical anger against those who did not accept the theories of the radicals, and the parents who are seeking guidance and light as to the upbringing and education of children will gain little help from a book the main thesis of which is the abolition of the home and the disintegration of the family. As to the parents, Mr. Schmalhausen, one of the editors, in his paper entitled "Family Life: a Study in Pathology," even suggests that they should be shot. You must not deduce from this that these reforming psychologists are a light-hearted crew or even light-hearted murderers. Far from it; they are zealots, burning with the zeal of new found half-truths, tinged with the ecstatic quality of the fanatic, especially when these writers come to discuss the evils of civilization with respect to children and sex.

The attitude of most of the authors towards the scholarship of the past is best illustrated by the statement of Dr. Watson in commenting on Westermarck, when he says, "he is sceptical of all such literature" because "there is too much religion and morals in the authors." On the other hand, Professor Malinowski, accepting Westermarck as a sound authority, goes on to show that instead of the family being an evil that should be abolished, it is the "procreative unit in human society," and along with parenthood and marriage the basis of the social structure without proper consideration of which we are unable to attack sanely the problems of our day.

"If marriage and the family are in need of much greater tolerance in matters of sex and of parental authority," he concludes, "these reforms ought to be formulated, studied, and tested in the light of the relevant sociological laws and not in a mere haphazard, piecemeal fashion."

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Interesting, too, is the fact that even some of those who agree with Dr. Watson and Mr. Schmalhausen about the abolition of the family and the home are inclined to accept Westermarck and previous anthropologists as authorities. This might lead one to assume that if some of these writers can arrive at the same conclusions from different sets of facts, it is quite possible that they would be able to arrive at the same conclusions without any facts at all.

The acceptance of the Soviet System and the Freudian psychology and nomenclature *in toto* is treated by Havelock Ellis, as indeed it is by Professor Malinowski, as evidence of ill-balanced consideration of previous important discoveries with relation to important problems.

Ellis goes out of his way to state—addressing almost directly some of the authors in the book—that the adult who discerns certain manifestation in children and then "begins to talk solemnly and pedantically of 'homo-sexuality' and 'incest' and the 'Œdipus complex,' does not realize the absurdity he is perpetrating. He would indeed be speaking quite rationally if he were dealing with the like phenomena in his own grown-up world." Here, indeed, is probably the sharpest criticism that could be made against the book, that in a discussion of phenomena relating to children the various authors have taken an attitude severely condemned and ridiculed by probably the greatest authority on sex writing in the English language.

And, not content with this, Mr. Ellis goes so far as to declare, in answer to the declarations of Watson, Schmalhausen, and others that the home is a breeder of evil, that "for the main part it is in the home that child guidance must begin, and, for most children, end. And it is the mother—though there is an important place for the father even in the guidance of girls—who is the naturally elect child-guide."

Dr. Watson, the most perfervid of the destructionists, one who pleads most ecstatically for the child to be taken out of the home, has something of a sporting proclivity, for he concludes his essay by saying, "I would gamble my all" that in a short time by doing away with the home children would be so happy that they never would wish to go back.

One has no way of knowing what Dr. Watson's "all" consists of, but there is certainly an opportunity for Mr. Ellis to obtain at least a reasonable fund for further sound investigation.

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If, as these writers would have us believe, civilization is threatened, or, as Santayana has suggested, we are approaching one of the long winters that occasionally mark the march of progress, such a condition is to be met in the spirit in which Turgot first defined human progress. We must look back and see what the past teaches, which is quite contrary to what these eager editors and some of their associates would have us do. There are those who are firmly convinced that the apparent imminence of decadence is due to the very nostrums that these writers would have us accept as daily food. It is possible that the cause of our decadence is not the family and the home, but the fact that we have men and women such as are listed in this group, condemning and urging the abolition of the home and the family. The church—all churches—have made many mistakes, but when Freud commits the error of confounding religion with the church and suggesting the abolition of the former, he is striking at something that has not been created by the hand of man as has the church, but at something that is part of the human mind and in a way its most understandable aspiration.

If the freedom of the individual is the criterion of a satisfactory civilization, as some of these authors would have us believe, then what are we to say to others in this group who tell us that we must do away with the family, shoot the parents, and take the children out of the home? If freedom is a desideratum, why do these paternalists demand less freedom?

What most of the theorizing and emotional reformers refuse to recognize is that slowly, painfully, but surely, civilization has come to a thoughtful consideration of the needs of the child and its rights. The very hysteria that marks so many pages of this book has been produced by enlightenment striking in dark spots. The cure they offer, the adoption of the Soviet System, is its own refutation. According to Mr. Scott Nearing, there are probably "at least 1,250,000 homeless children" in the Soviet Union, wandering about Russia to-day without homes, without parents, without guidance, without any of the things so decried in this book. An army of homeless children, almost a nation of infant vagrants, for whom, in all the seven hundred pages of this "scientific" book, which lauds this system as ideal, there is not a tender word nor a single tear.

The Ohio Gang Again

THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING. From the Diaries of Gaston B. Means, as Told to May Dixon Thacker. New York: The Guild Publishlishing Corporation. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by BRUCE BLIVEN
Managing Editor, *The New Republic*

IT is not at all surprising that this volume, in the course of a few weeks, and with very little assistance from the press, which has virtually ignored its existence, should have become one of the two or three best selling books in America. It purports to tell the "inside story" of what was in many ways the most extraordinary interlude in our national history—the Harding Administration—and it is not surprising that people are curious about it. I believe that interest in that astonishing period will continue to grow, and that a hundred years hence historians will still be speculating as to the special set of circumstances which made possible the happenings of that two years and five months. It is not improbable that they will know a good deal more than we do about the matter. We have learned, to be sure, about the oil scandals, the half-billion-dollar waste and graft in the Veterans' Bureau, the extensive bribery by bootleggers, dope peddlers, and alien owners of sequestrated property, the drinking, gambling, and other forms of misbehavior which were so widely practised by many of the leading figures of the administration; but it is safe to assume that there are many more transactions which are still hidden, which will be brought to light in the course of time. The Gaston Means book is, indeed, a part of that process, and derives its sole interest from this fact; it is without literary merit, its style being the old-fashioned, sentimental, and florid variety which might be labelled, though with some unfairness to the followers of an arduous occupation, the chambermaid's-delight school.

Gaston B. Means was at one time a secret operative for the Department of Justice. He has also been a spy for the German, British, and Mexican governments, and more recently, an inmate of the Atlanta Penitentiary. He was, by his own admission, the intimate of all the members of that "Ohio Gang" which moved to Washington with the inauguration of President Harding and proceeded, broadly speaking, to steal everything that wasn't nailed down and some things that were. When he was put on the witness stand by Senator Wheeler in the course of one of the Senatorial investigations which brought out so many important facts, he carried with him a stack of large loose-leaf leather books containing his diaries. He explained that for many years he had kept a record of his movements not only from day to day but from hour to hour; and with these to refresh his memory, he gave detailed statements on many important subjects. Means did not make a good impression; he seemed shifty, evasive, and unreliable, and the committee soon dropped him. Much of what he said, however, was corroborated by other witnesses. It might also be observed that if many of those who appeared against the Ohio Gang were themselves rather bad characters, it is because that is the type of person with whom the Ohio Gang consorted. When you start out to extort millions from bootleggers, you don't call in college presidents as your advisers. Not long after he appeared for Senator Wheeler, Means was tried for violating the prohibition law (he says he was railroaded to prison, but gives none of the details) and sent to Atlanta where he served more than three years. He came out, there is no doubt, determined to get his revenge, and this book, written by May Dixon Thacker from his famous diaries, is the result.

"The Strange Death of President Harding" makes a series of violent and amazing accusations, amazing even to those more or less familiar with what happened in Washington during that time. Means corroborates Nan Britton's assertion that she was the mother of an illegitimate child of which Mr. Harding was the father. He declares that Mrs. Harding heard rumors of the existence of this child and employed him, Means, to verify her suspicions which he accomplished by stealing all Mr. Harding's letters to Nan. He says, almost in so many words, that the President did not die a natural death but was poisoned, and hints that the poison was administered by his wife, not in any bitter spirit of revenge, but in order to save him from the humiliation of exposure which was coming regarding the oil lease scandal and other similar episodes. Means further declares that Jess Smith, intimate friend of former Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, did not commit suicide as the world has been taught to believe, but was murdered as part of the attempt to cover up the improper transactions of which he had guilty knowledge and of which he had, in foolhardy fashion, kept accurate written records. He hints that the same fate was meted out to Col. T. B. Felder, an attorney who was intimately associated with President Harding and Attorney General Daugherty.

Some of this book I know to be true—and so does everyone else who is informed about the Harding Administration. Some of it seems to me probable, but there is no way of checking Mr. Means's statements. Some of it I feel pretty confident is false, though I do not accuse Means or Mrs. Thacker of deliberate misrepresentation. But the significant thing about it is that there is nothing in it which is inherently improbable. The men surrounding Warren Harding were of such a character that some of them, at least, could have done everything of which Means accuses them. That fact is now generally recognized; and it explains, I think, why so many people are reading these revelations. The facts may or may not be true; but the color is correct. And it is excellent insurance against a repetition, that a great many pe[illegible] should be finding out, even thus tard[illegible] what that color was.

Poe's Influence

THE INFLUENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE IN FRANCE. By CÉLESTIN PIERRE CAMBIAIRE. New York: Stechert. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS O. MABBOTT

IN this useful volume, which will be welcome to all who are deeply interested in recent French poetry and fiction, as well as to the special students of Poe, Dr. Cambiaire has attempted to indicate the extent of Poe's influence upon a host of authors, great and small. Where Seylaz has devoted a volume to Poe's inspiration of a single group of poets, the Symbolists, Dr. Cambiaire has briefly pointed out many authors of various schools, who draw something from the American writer. When it is remembered that all detective stories derive from that source, and that most modern poems of mood are directly or indirectly influenced by Poe's verse and theories—that indeed the short story was discovered, though hardly invented, by Poe—one realizes how great a field Dr. Cambiaire has chosen to work. Much has been said before, in a general way, of Poe's vogue in France, but hitherto no one has attempted to survey all the evidence.

The discussion of the earliest translations, those made during Poe's lifetime, adds something in detail to what Seylaz has told us, and is based upon independent investigation of the original periodicals. The discussion of the authors whom Poe moulded in greater or less degree is usually brief. A few are treated at length, though hardly exhaustively. And minor figures, necessarily receive only enough attention to whet our appetites for more. Yet certainly there are shown connections between Poe and many figures one hardly thinks of as Poesque. For example, it is pleasant to know that Jules Verne wrote a sequel to Poe's unfinished "Arthur Gordon Pym."

The method of the thesis is at times marred by too strict an adherence to "rules of scholarship." It is absurd to prove by remarks and letters that Baudelaire had read Poe's poetry; when he was the translator of Poe's prose, and when his devotion to Poe is a commonplace in every textbook history of French literature. But it is better to assume too little than too much. Some misprints are to be found in the thesis, but not more than one would expect in a volume "printed abroad."

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A Letter from Italy

By Samuel Putnam

ITALY has a new esthetician of dimensional promise. His name is Leo Ferrero, and he is twenty-seven years old, having been born at Turin in 1903. The author of two three-act plays, "La Chioma di Berenice" and "Le Campagne senza Madonna," and the joint author with Guglielmo Ferrero of "La Palingenesi di Roma" and of "Julius Cæsar" (the latter published at Vienna in 1925), Signor Ferrero has just brought out a work which, prefaced with a lengthy introduction by M. Paul Valéry of the French Academy, would appear definitely to place him upon the art-philosopher's thorny path.

Signor Ferrero's subject is the esthetic of Leonardo da Vinci, as derived from the "Trattato della Pittura" and brought into correlation with the Kantian critique. That M. Valéry should have provided the introduction for this book, which bears the title "Leonardo, o Dell' Arte," seems appropriate enough; for the volume is after a fashion an expansive commentary on, and in a manner, one suspects, takes its starting point from, the "Introduction à la Méthode de Léonard de Vinci." It is, in the end, the Valéry Leonardo, the Leonardo who took as his device "Hostinato Rigore," who imitated nature that he might attain it,—it is, in short, Valéry's *l'homme universel*, whose boast was *"facile cosa è farsi universale,"* who emerges from these new pages. At the same time, in building up a Leonardo esthetic, the author establishes a very acceptable working basis for M. Valéry's own creative process; he may almost be said to "explain" his French predecessor, and he does it somewhat more effectively, I believe, than did Mr. T. S. Eliot in his recent Introduction to the Valéry method. At any rate, in the backlight it casts upon the Valéry essay and the latter's genesis, as well as in its novel classification of many aspects of the Leonardo problem, the Ferrero book is illuminating, and anyone who has read the 1894 and the 1919 expositions in the first "Variétés," and who is desirous of following those darkly luminous implications into the light of a young and poetically minded esthetician's clearer day, can scarcely afford to overlook this tightly packed little treatise of something like one hundred and fifty pages in the Italian text. (Those who do not read Italian will find it available in a French translation, and it is to be hoped that it will soon be accessible in English.)

Valéry readers will not forget the youthful Digression on the *"moi."* That *"moi"* holds the Valéry approach, an approach which, with a contented discarding of erudition and autobiographic detail, aims at the erection of a "psychologic" (and autobiographic) "model," the discovery of a thought in the work of another "which comes to him from us," and the reshaping of that thought "in the likeness of our own." This approach, however, is far from being peculiar to M. Valéry. Leonardo, more than any other figure one can think of, perhaps, certainly more than any other artist, invites it. This may be due, as a certain well-known sculptor not long ago remarked to me, to his literary dilettantism, which affords a convenient handle for the literary mind. Whatever the explanation, the fact is there. Few Italian writers miss having their say, at one time or another, on the great Florentine; and it is more than common to hear the latter spoken of, significantly, as *"il mio Leonardo"* (Papini's phrase has been quoted in a previous letter). In this respect, Signor Ferrero differs both from the Gallic poet and from his own countrymen; his approach is, rather, the reasoned philosophic and esthetic one, to which he brings the gift of a rather amazing lucidity and unaffected simplicity of statement. While in no sense a mere popularizer, he writes in short, crisp sentences, sentences that fairly crackle at times, while at other times his prose turns, inevitably and imperceptibly under the reader's eye, into an unstriven-for poetry. All this, the freedom from the esthetic writer's usual tangle of language and technical verbalisms, goes to produce a book, a sort of Story of Renaissance esthetics, which the non-technical reader finds himself able to peruse with profit and enjoyment. But the Leonardo who emerges is, after all, that same *homme universel* to whom M. Valéry has introduced us.

Starting with a recognition of the essential richness and confusion of Leonardo's thought, a recognition that is as necessary with Leonardo as with St. Augustine, Signor Ferrero gives us an apology for his fresh approach, which is that of an effective rethinking "from without." His aim being the discovery of the artist's central idea, his method has been to take the many puzzling and apparently contradictory statements to be found scattered throughout the "Treatise on Painting" and to endeavor to reconcile and coördinate them into some sort of system which would reveal the true significance of the whole. He differs from his predecessors, he would assure us, in his lack of preconceptions, though this, possibly, is to be doubted; his attack is, obviously, the Kantian one, if not so determinedly Kantian as that, for example, of S. H. Chamberlain; and the end of the whole matter, of Signor Ferrero's book as of M. Valéry's introductory essay, is, so nearly as one is able to make out, the restoration of the beautiful to its old place in the historic philosophic trinity.

The author begins by outlining the Renaissance principle of the imitation of nature, and reveals a precursor of Leonardo in Leon Battista Alberti. Leonardo's own attitude toward nature is clearly traced, and the artist's view of a picture is shown to have been that of a microcosm, a translation from infinite to limited space. Nature was, for Leonardo, at once an end and model, and in this the Florentine differed from the men of his age, for whom nature was not a model of internal order. His ambition was to create a microcosm ruled by necessity and by law. The law of the picture was the plane surface; and it is here that the break between the old and the new plastic, a break that definitely dates from Cézanne, begins; yet the author does not so much as recognize its existence.

True, there are certain elements from which a painting modernity may be deduced. Painting is not to be a simple mirror, but the mind of the painter is to be transmuted into the mind of nature; the painter is, at once, to imitate and to know. The painter-mind is to be, when all is said, "the lord of the possible" (is there a loophole here even for the Surréalistes?), and Leonardo himself, upon occasion, as we see from his Notebooks, indulged in some weird combinations of natural elements; nevertheless, it is back to the Kantian view of art and nature that we are brought.

Painting to Leonardo meant philosophy, as for Alberti and Piero della Francesca it had meant geometry. In the painter's "architectonic will," painting becomes an act of God. Herein lies, Signor Ferrero tells us, Leonardo's subtle and subtly concealed opposition to the rhythm, to the *sottinteso*, of this age. Impelled by a nostalgic longing for harmony, he compromised with truth, i.e., with an imitative vision, from a desire to give to truth an architechtonic form.

Nature being subject to necessity, the object of the microcosm, art, is to overcome its own necessities without a violation of its own laws. Art becomes greater the less natural, the more human it becomes; it is elevated by its difficulties, the subduing of which induces the esthetic sensation of wonderment. The function of art—and this, our author would have us believe, is Leonardo's real secret—is not alone to vie with nature with unequal means, but in the end to vanquish nature in the uneven struggle.

These, needless to say, are only the bare outlines of Signor Ferrero's evolved theory of Leonardoism—and Valéryism. There is more Kantian working out of details, in the course of which the movies and even the talkies come in for consideration. There is, too, the recognition of a certain mystic residuum in Leonardo's thought with which it is futile to grapple. There are, as has been hinted, certain lacunæ, wilful or otherwise, in the treatment, while one may or may not disagree with the reason given for excluding an inner, subjective world, a world of individual fantasy and of dreams, from that "nature" which the artist is to imitate; though in the latter case, Ferrero is in agreement with Valéry, who informs us that it is "an illusory thing to desire to produce in the mind of another the fantasies of one's own mind."

The suspicion finally comes to one that perhaps the philosophers and writers have had enough to do with Leonardo, and that it might be well now to hear from the plastic side. It is, to repeat, not unlikely that literary appreciation of Leonardo's "universality" has been due to the artist's literary leanings and toyings, and that one with a more purely plastic view might uncover in Piero della Francesca, for example, an even better and more rounded type of *l'homme universel*.

LLEWELYN POWYS

author of

BLACK LAUGHTER
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"LLEWELYN POWYS, whose *Dark Laughter* and *Skin for Skin* have excited and enchanted readers, has written his first novel, and it was worth waiting for. The imagination, the insight, the mellow humor and the rich style of the earlier books is in it, and it is, besides, an absorbing narrative . . . Indeed, not only in style but in spirit, Powys' work is part of the full-blooded tradition which ran in poetry and prose from Chaucer's day to Victoria's. Powys and his book are simple and lusty and fertile and sleepily sensuous, and full of delicate fancies and broad jokes, and ingenuous and crafty, and egocentric and humane, and completely romantic . . . Chris, hero of *Apples Be Ripe*, runs away. He runs to life, and finds it . . . His wanton ways are both good and wise . . . Powys' prose is a joy and a refreshment."—Frances Lamont Robbins in the *Outlook*.
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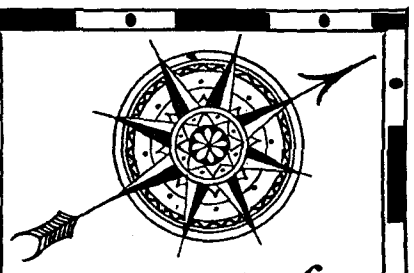

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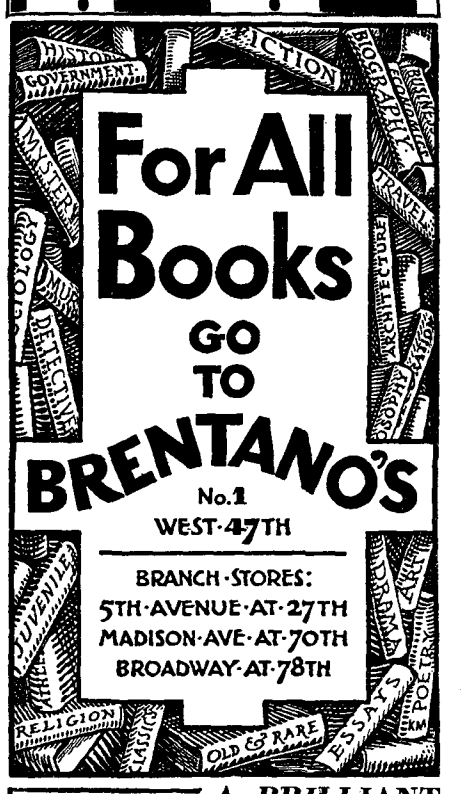

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June Choice of the Book League of America

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

TO THE BEST OF MY MEMORY. By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Harpers. 1930. $4.

Albert Payson Terhune's new autobiography is a lovable and unimportant book. People like Mr. Terhune's stories because he is a good writer without being a great writer and because—and he is himself quite aware of both facts—there is no pretense or pose about his work, even when he is telling the story of his own life. Hence the agreeable human tone of his autobiography and hence also its relative unimportance.

The book is unimportant in the sense that few will be reading it ten years hence. To judge, however, by the amount of comment caused by Mr. Terhune's account of the Thaw shooting, a good many people must be reading it at the moment; and it is not likely ever to lack readers entirely. Literary historians of the future are not likely to compete with one another to secure copies of "To the Best of My Memory," but any one who is at all interested in the intimate life of America in the early twentieth century, in the development of the American newspaper, or in the growth of the American popular magazine will find here a wealth of unique source material.

The chief reason why "To the Best of My Memory" is such a readable book, is the vast number of good stories it contains. There is, for example, an entirely unforgettable letter from Captain Bob Bartlett, of Arctic fame, to Mrs. Terhune: "This afternoon I went into the Explorers' Club. Louis Ogden was there. Said he: 'Why are you all dressed up like that?' Said I: 'I am on my way to Mrs. Terhune's tea.' Said he: 'My God man, that was yesterday!' Oh, Mrs. Terhune, can you forgive me?"

One is glad to be reminded again of Arthur Brisbane's famous and amusing trap, set when he suspected the New York *World* of stealing war news from the *American*. His first edition, one morning, contained a story of the killing of an Austrian observer, Colonel Reflipe W. Thenuz. Now Austrian officers of imperial days did not usually have middle initials, and they usually did have "vons." The *World* should have been warier. But it incautiously lifted the despatch, whereupon Brisbane triumphantly pointed out that no such person existed; that the story had been in one edition of the *American* only; and that the remarkable name was merely a phonetic anagram for "We pilfer the news." In this day and generation, when even city editors do anagrams, doubtless this were a thing impossible!

Mr. Terhune contributes a harrowing array of ghost stories—or rather, stories about ghost writing. He has been Ten Beautiful Shop Girls and also Ten Popular Actresses. He was Lillian Russell, and Mrs. Leslie Carter, and David Belasco (for purposes of novelization only) and even, for a brief period, Peck's Bad Boy. Once, while ghosting, he even used another ghost to ghost his already ghostly writings; but for all these tricks he remains impenitent: "Ghost writing is a sorry trade. But hunger is a sorrier. Too often it is a choice between the two." But why? One can always become a floor-walker.

One regrets to find so much cheap, ill-informed writing in the book and not a little downright ignorance, the kind of work that a hard driven hack-writer turns out endlessly, until he gets in the habit of doing it and his work is spoiled. There is, for example, not a shred of evidence that Marlowe "sneered at Shakespeare as the cheap favorite of the groundlings," as Mr. Terhune, in an effort to justify popular writing, declares he did. There is very good evidence to the contrary. Nor are Ben Jonson's well-known strictures to be regarded as "sneers." Nor is Mr. Terhune right in thinking that the sources of only one of Shakespeare's plays remain in doubt. Nor is he by any means clear what the word "mystic" means.

MEMOIRS OF THE COMTE DE GRAMONT. By *Anthony Hamilton*. Dutton. 1930. $5.

GOLDRUSH DAYS WITH MARK TWAIN. By *William R. Gillis*. A. & C. Boni. $4.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG. By *Rudolph Weterstetten* and *A. M. K. Watson*. Macmillan. $2.50.

FRAGMENTS OF A POLITICAL DIARY. By *Joseph M. Baernreither*. Edited and Introduced by *Joseph Redlich*. Macmillan. 1930. $5.

MOLIÈRE. By *H. Ashton*. Dutton. 1930. $2.

THE ARTIST AND THE CRITIC. By *Lynn Harold Hough*. Abingdon Press. 1930. $1.50.

TEN MODERN POETS. By *Rica Brenner*. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $2.50.

Fiction

WISHBONE. By STIRLING BOWEN. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

As the train rumbles through the outskirts of a town, the passenger averts his gaze. It oppresses him to see the shaky wooden buildings that lean so dejectedly one against the other, the factory and the pool-room on the corner, the untidy children, and the watchman, red-nosed and shabby. But in "Townsman," the best of the three stories in his volume "Wishbone," Stirling Bowen forces his reader's attention on just such a stretch of dreariness, and holds it there. It is the story of a weak, commonplace youth whose economic peak is reached in his first job—reporter on a small city paper. He is unintelligent and uninterested. His natural inferiority prevents him from being happy anywhere except in the corner saloon, where beer solaces him and dirty stories divert. From a newspaper job he slips into a factory job. From the daughter of the banker of the town, who dismisses him as unequivocally as his editor did, he turns to the girl who always looks back over her shoulders at the loafers on the corner. There are years in a small frame house, where he brings up an illegitimate son—who in turn grows ashamed of his father's drunkenness and runs off. There are even more years alone—the long wastes of an uneventful, useless, dingy life.

All three stories are bleak. The only voice that bespeaks the spirit is that of an economic radical, who, in the form of one minor character or another, moves through each story. This *motif* of reform shoots like a thin current through the stagnant pool. But the waters of the two never mingle. The current shoots out of the pool again, and goes on its own vigorous course. It is powerless against the weaknesses and ignorances of the uncaring, unambitious masses.

These are not finished, up-to-date short stories. They are often awkward—made confusing by an amateurish handling of the passage of time, and the orientating of characters and places. But they are sincere and true, and to that extent, significant.

MEN IN SHIRT-SLEEVES. By BENVENUTO SHEARD. Viking. 1930. $2.50.

O RARE CONTENT. By HENRY W. LANIER. Woodcuts by James Reid. Sears. 1930. $2.50.

THE GREAT WHITE SILENCE. By LOUIS-FREDERIC ROUQUETTE. Translated from the French by O. W. ALLEN and A. LE REBELLER. Decorations by LUDMILS TCHIRIKOVA. Macmillan. 1930. $2.50.

GUESTS OF SUMMER. By PAUL M. FULCHER. Macmillan. 1930. $2.50.

Not a shirt-sleeve. Sophistication. A sophisticate poking fun at sophisticates. That is what we have in "Men in Shirt-Sleeves." Not much plot. No particular story. Just the mad cavortings and caperings and carryings-on of a lot of smart people who drink their way from Paris to Spain, and from Spain to the Riviera. It lacks the punch of a Hemingway or the penetration of an Aldous Huxley, though it does characterize the French and the Spanish with a good deal of cleverness. Might be useful to those who want to know what is being drunk on the Continent just now.

In "O Rare Content" we go to quite the other extreme. Here we have a man making a spirited escape from the autocracy of business and hiding himself among the domestic animals and growing things on a New Hampshire farm. There is smartness here, no attempt at sophistication, no wisecracks, no epigrams, just the astonished musings of a man who has discovered that there is such a thing as farm life in New England, and who wonders how such a thing could have existed for so long without his knowing about it.

And now for adventure. In "The Great White Silence" a French journalist invades Alaska and writes of the things he sees and thinks there. He pictures himself as mushing over the perilous mountain trails in winter, beating the blizzards and, in gallant defense of a lady, outwitting the Northwest Mounted. He gathers some amusing tales of the big empire lying this side of the Bering Sea, but somehow he doesn't get under the skin of Alaska as Jack London did, or even as Robert Service managed to do. And the ease with which he throws up an igloo fifteen feet in diameter, single-handed, and hangs his primitive lamp from the squared block of snow that is the keystone of the vault, will occasion some surprise to those familiar with life in the North. Amundsen spent many weeks in learning to make a snow house just large enough for him to sleep in. But the book is readable. It is even thrilling in spots. It doesn't have to be true to be interesting.

The long arm of coincidence against which all magazine editors rage and rant is stretched out with refreshing serenity and innocence in "Guests of Summer." A lad born in Ebineezer, a town situated on a level spot in view of the Blue Ridge mountains, grows up, and if we may believe it, is reared in complete ignorance of the identity of either of his parents although he does know that he is illegitimate. The boys in the neighborhood leave no doubt on that score. He enlists in a French ambulance unit early in the war, and there runs across his father, though he doesn't know at the time that it is his father. Later he goes to the rescue of an American woman in Paris, who has been set upon by a thug, and finds out later—much later—that she is his mother. But if one can overlook these two lucky breaks there is a well-told story here. It has been a long time since we have seen so good an account of life in a small town as is to be found in the first fifty pages of this book.

PILGRIM'S FORD. By MURIEL HINE. Appleton. 1930. $2.

"Pilgrim's Ford" should please that large body of people which likes to read without effort. Miss Hine touches upon nearly all the emotions at one point or another in the story without really going into any one of them fundamentally or raising any indissoluble questions. Most of the problems in the book are the result of material inconveniences rather than of the disagreements of personalities and could have been solved in nearly every case by the use of more reason and less sentiment; but as long as ninety per cent of the people in everyday life allow their sentiment to rule their actions books of this kind will always have an appeal.

Old Grandison's only son made a clandestine marriage with a famous Spanish dancer, and their orphaned daughter Joy is left to the care of her grandfather. At first he is suspicious of this strange girl who has invaded the privacy of his bachelor existence in the peaceful surroundings of an English country-house; "Pilgrim's Ford" witnesses the clash between Latin and Anglo-Saxon temperament. Grandison's coolness to his granddaughter gradually changes to love as he discovers that the suspicions he had of her integrity were entirely due to the petty scheming of a foreign governess.

Miss Hine has a real understanding of the problems and hopes of youth and she would have done well to have concentrated on that part of her story rather than on the second part which describes Joy's marriage to a man considerably older than herself, with all its attendant petty jealousies and quarrels and inevitable reconciliations. But the author keeps the interest of the reader to the end; she is not too eager to resolve the quarrels and skilfully avoids a sentimental ending.

LOVE BY ACCIDENT. By *Louis Marlow*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

THE HEAVEN-SENT WITNESS. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE DEATH OF COSMO REVERE. By *Christopher Bush*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

GREAT SEA STORIES OF ALL NATIONS. Edited by *H. M. Tomlinson*. Doubleday, Doran. $5.

ELSIE DINSMORE ON THE LOOSE. By *Josie Turner*. Drawings by *Eldon Kelley*. Cape-Smith.

BROKEN GODS. By *Flos Jewell Williams*. Ottawa, Canada: The Graphic Publishers.

MUKARA. By *Muriel Bruce*. Rae D. Henkle Co. $2.50.

WHERE THE WIND LISTETH. By *Bonnie Busch*. Boston: The Four Seas. $2.

HAPPY LANDINGS. By *Fanny Heaslip Lea*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

STRENGTH OF THE SPIRIT. By *Leonora Eyles*. New York: R. R. Smith.

AXELLE. By *Pierre Benoit*. Dial Press. 1930. $2.50.

A STORM AT THE CROSSROADS. By *Tristram Tupper*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50.

MANHATTAN NIGHT. By *William Almond Wolff*. Minton, Balch. 1930. $2.

THE SHADOW SYNDICATE. By *Clifford Hosken*. Dial Press. 1930. $2.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. By *Fielding Hope*. Dial Press. $2.

AREN'T MEN RASCALS? By *T. Swann Harding*. Dial Press. 1930. $2.

THARLANE. By *Dorothy Cottrell*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

THE SCARAB MURDER CASE. By *S. S. Van Dine*. Scribners. 1930. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

"Mr. Van Dine has never written a better detective tale."—Will Cuppy in the New York Herald Tribune.

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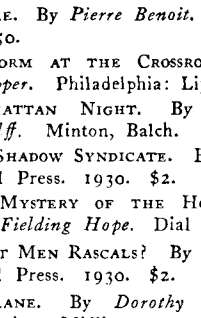

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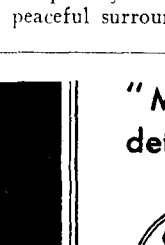

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Points of View

"The Bhagavad-Gita"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I recently read a review entitled "India's Greatest Book," which is of A. W. Ryder's translation of "The Bhagavad-Gita." The article is written by Kenneth Saunders in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for January 18, 1930. I must do battle both with Mr. Ryder and Mr. Saunders. I choose Mr. Ryder first. It is true that I have not read the new translation; I doubt now whether I shall ever suffer myself to endure the tortures it seems to provide.

For better botch your job than gain
Perfection in your neighbor's:
Die if you must, but do not run
The risk of alien labors

quotes Mr. Saunders. And—

Who sees non-working lurk
Working in non-work lurk,
Is wise, is disciplined, a man
Successful in all work.

What doggerel is this? Surely not the singing of the book of devotion! My own worn and well-marked copy—the prose translation of W. Q. Judge (1890)—came down from the shelf, and I opened it to this: "It is better to do one's own duty, even though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well. It is better to perish in the performance of one's own duty; the duty of another is full of danger." And this: "Even sages have been deluded as to what is action to be performed, what is not to be, and what is inaction. The path of action is obscure. That man who sees inaction in action and action in inaction is wise among men; he is a true devotee and a perfect performer of all action."

Why, after the beauty of this, and of other translations, need Mr. Ryder attempt a translation if he can do no better than this fearful jingle? I doubt whether Mahatma Gandhi or any other self could find "continual inspiration" in such as this. Mr. Gandhi undoubtedly reads the Sanskrit, wherein he is to be envied.

". . . and in the Gita it is a lay-God who speaks to laymen. The Gita is, in a word, at once religion for all and ethics for all; it is the 'layman's Upanishad' . . ." says Mr. Saunders. Also: "But as the Gita is essentially for the man in the street, dignity can be bought at too great a price. Dr. Ryder succeeds at any rate in making the abstract concrete and the philosophical attractive. His version is, as it should be, a version for the Western lay-mind. This is its greatest value."

Indeed! I do not contest the statement that the book of devotion is for the man in the street, but, is it not for the higher castes, too? Is not Arjuna of the high caste of India? In it a lay-God may speak to a lay-mind, but in it, too, the Great Mahatma speaks to Mahatmas!

I wonder, if perhaps our lay-minds do not need a bit more dignity? We would do as well to go on reading detective stories, and Jingles from the Jungles, as this version of the great colloquy of India. Indeed it were better, for then this at least would not spoil the great book for those minds who could appreciate it in its purer, truer, more beautiful, and dignified translations.

Next, Mr. Saunders implies that other translations, and even the Sanskrit itself, are abstract, and that Dr. Ryder alone has made it concrete. Is there anything more concrete in this first quotation than in the following one?

Whenever vice grows prosperous
And virtue fades in pain,
O prince of Bhart's breeding, I
Create myself again.

And—

I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness.

Then, Mr. Ryder succeeds in making the philosophy attractive. I see no reason why he should so trouble himself. To those who would accept it as the rule of life the philosophy of the Gita is already attractive; to those people who cannot accept the Gita as the path, Dr. Ryder's jingling lines can only add distaste.

Then, lastly, is Mr. Saunders's reference to the Western mind. Let me quote those lines again. "His version is, as it should be, a version for the Western lay-mind. This is its greatest value." He says this, and yet to open the review he says: "The 'Song of the Beloved Lord' is the key to understanding India, and will be more and more read as the West seeks to know the East." Ah, yes, pray that the East understand the West, the West the East, for such understanding may bring amalgamation of ideals—and from such ideals a new and greater race shall rise—but pray, also, that the West shall not attempt to understand the East through this new medium. In the first place, it is a pity that the Western lay-mind is credited with such a low standard that this version is considered to be on its level. In the second place I hardly see how one could expect to understand the eastern mind through the medium of choppy, jazzy lines, the product of our western mechanism. The essence of the East is to be found in its even, smooth-flowing rhythm, its peace and quietude. It is to be found in the pronunciation of the names Upanishads, and Bhagavad-Gita, soft, smooth, unaccented. It is to be found in the quiet voice of every master. Edwin Arnold captures it in his:

Om, mani padme, Om! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

Now, I must beg pardon for this outburst, both of Mr. Saunders and of Dr. Ryder. Dr. Ryder is, I am aware, a learned and well versed man, and, I presume I have misjudged his translation, spoken hastily and without warrant. Yet as I read these quoted lines a great cry arose within me, which would not be silenced. It is gone now, the great Krishna has calmed me, saying: "I am in the hearts of all men, and from me come memory, knowledge, and also the loss of both. I am to be known by all the Vedas; I am he who is the author of the Vedanta, and I alone am the interpreter of the Vedas."

Peace, then! And forgive my passion, I have erred. I did forget that, though all men translate for themselves the Upanishads, it is interpretations that count, and these are accomplished only by Krishna, the great Prince.

HELEN B. JENKS.
University of California, Los Angeles.

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A Critical Theostrasy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

For any critical approximation, however circumambient, one must exclude certain domains of attention. Granted the ambivalency of such an attitude, it is nevertheless just to say that the integrity of the critic is the primal locus from which the lucubrations of theory can divagate.

It is my purpose to distinguish between the numerous strata or, as I shall denominate them, nexus of concomitance, and it is of supreme importance that the interrelated systems of values which result therefrom shall be strictly segregated. In other words, when we look into a mirror, the ensuing reflection replenishes the refrective object in contradistinction to and differing from the original phase of experience under consideration. By this I do not intend to trespass upon the field of psychology or physics, but merely to point out in as few words as possible the remissive characteristics which result from any operation involving the critical habitudes common to either the philosopher or the scientist attempting to reflect upon the validity of such or any activity which is neither redulgent upon the one nor suborbent to the other. In the twentieth century, therefore, the need for critical acution unaccompanied by symptoms of concisual asphasia or other moribund survivals will hardly bear discussion, yet I will venture to state that a large percentage of the appraisals of contemporary writers are so hypostatized that they may with safety be relegated to the scrap heap.

In all periods of intense literary activity we are confronted with two sets of racial, social, and perhaps economic manifestations interacting mutually and severally, which for the sake of brevity I shall term the nonacyclic and the propinquent. Any printed or written words exist spatially as well as inferentially, distinctions between capitals, small letters, periods, commas, and the like are habitual, but it is this very familiarity which breeds the intellectual cosmosis which has invaded practically all realms of modern thought.

It is, then, our task to eventuate not only the protensive elements of this particular field, hitherto neglected, but also to build from its elements a periphrenic whole which shall be satifactory to the ordinary requirements of a rational being. Without this basically simple but architectonic aim, discussion of literature is peculiarly sterile and communication next to impossible.

To proceed to the nonacyclic manifestations or phenomena. Here the danger lies in confusing the categorical imperative, through which Kant obtained a partial glimpse of the situation, with the more pragmatic side of the whole process of perspicience, which is now well enough developed to show that his work can no longer be considered valid. Until the ground is cleared, we are in the position of a man treed by a bear in which the bear represents the conversive and the man the extinuous aspect of temporal reality.

The result is that a novel or a play combining certain aspects of concomitance and remission is by the older critics at once arbitrarily labelled autochtonous, whether it is destined to be of any lasting constellatory significance or not. The advantages of the new classification will be seen at once when, with the aid of the nonacyclic category, the distinction can be made between conscious and unconscious triogamy. Surely no one would accuse Hemingway of superaddition! In fact, his characters are almost pure sequentials.

Though it is not possible to do more than sketch the path which heteroclysmic investigation must pursue, it is to be hoped that further coöperation by workers in allied fields will further clarify the issues involved even if complete dismusion should prove impossible.

H. R. HAYS.
New York City.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MOLLY MOONSHINE. By *Gertrude Knevels.* Appleton. 1930. $2.

TEN NIGHTS WITHOUT A BARROOM. By *T. S. Arthur, Jr.* Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bell Publishing Co. $2.

THE VALLEY OF CREEPING MEN. By *Rayburn Crawley.* Harper. 1930. $2.

TIMES SQUARE TINTYPES. By *Sidney Skolsky.* New York: Ives Washburn. $2.50.

THE SHEPHERD OF GUADALOUPE. By *Zane Grey.* Harper. 1930. $2.

GOLDEN RUBBISH. By *William Dudley Pelley.*

THE IMMORTAL LOVER. By *John A. Stewart.* Lippincott. $2.50.

THE EARTH TRIBE. By *Garvain Edwards.* Appleton. $2.

THE GOLDEN OCTOPUS. By *Viscount Hastings.* Dutton. $6.

SIR TOBY AND THE REGENT. By *Paul Herring.* Lippincott. $2.50.

KLONDIKE PARDNERS. By *Edwin L. Sabin.*

FIGHTING CARAVANS. By *Zane Grey.* Harpers. $2.

THE SMALL DARK MAN. By *Maurice Walsh.* Stokes. $2.

WHITE EAGLES. By *Val Gielgud.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE. By *James Branch Cabell.* McBride. $5 net.

EDGAR WALLACE'S MAMMOTH MYSTERY BOOK. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

HUMPHRY CLINKER. By *Tobias Smollett.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

MEDAL WITHOUT BAR. By *Richard Blaker.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

ANTHONY IN THE NUDE. By *Myron Brinig.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

CO-STARS. By *Will H. Whalen.* Orrtanna, Adams Co., Pa.: White Squaw Press.

PETAL OF THE ROSE. By *Charles Pettit.* Horace Liveright. $2.50.

THE KNIFE BEHIND THE CURTAIN. By *Valentine Williams.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE. By *George Agnew Chamberlain.* Putnam. $2.

History

THREE STUDIES IN EUROPEAN CONSERVATISM. By E. L. WOODWARD. New York: Richard R. Smith, Jr. 1930.

"Nor is it easy for any one whose time is given to the study of history to know which are the happier hours—the hours of reading, or those hours of sustained excitement when the fragments of knowledge gained from many quarters seem to themselves to take the shape and image of the past." These simple, sincere words taken from the preface to this book indicate from the start that Mr. Woodward, a well-known Oxford don, is no mere dry-as-dust collector of facts but a creative historian and the promise which they give is completely fulfilled by the subsequent pages.

Mr. Woodward knows his nineteenth century not only well but sympathetically and in searching for the most typical examples of European conservatism he has chosen Metternich, Guizot, and the Roman Catholic Church. His choice is sound. The crowned heads of Europe have no intellectual importance. Alexander was an impressionable mystic, Nicholas I regarded the burning of the English Houses of Parliament as God's reply to the 1832 Reform Bill, Francis Joseph sacrificed all to the prestige of his dynasty, and Frederick William IV was a traditional Prussian in medieval trimmings. Nor were many of the statesmen of the day really typical. Castlereagh had no philosophy, Canning was a mocker, Disraeli was Asiatic, and Bismarck provincial.

In dealing with his chosen subjects Mr. Woodward writes with understanding and clarity. The nineteenth century has been too often regarded as simply the century of the Garibaldis and the Mazzinis. The nationalists and the liberals have been lauded to the skies and the Metternichs and Guizots have been condemned out of hand as "reactionaries." But to condemn them so is to betray a deplorable lack of historical-mindedness—a fault which cannot be laid at the door of Mr. Woodward. It is absurd to judge Metternich and Guizot from the standards of the present day. Both had known that gigantic figure Napoleon and both wanted the only order which they knew to be restored, both based their ideas on a study of the facts around them, and if Guizot was considered by Morley and Acton as the greatest man of thought and action in the century Metternich was also thoroughly European in his outlook.

With the Roman Catholic Church it is certainly different. Precious little can be said for it in the nineteenth century. It was deliberately ignorant of the movement of thought, it allowed the cunning and rapacious Antonelli to be the power behind the throne, and, to the accompaniment of the dramatic thunderstorm, it adumbrated the infallibility of the Pope—which had been questioned as early as the fourteenth century. Mr. Woodward does not varnish this over for in everything he takes a balanced view. No amount of explanation, for example, can explain away the attitude of the Church of Lamennais.

It need only be added that Mr. Woodward has used the writings of French, German, Italian, and Austrian historians and that his footnotes—too often merely pretentious features of a book—are always interesting and not infrequently amusing.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Wilbur Fisk Gordy.* Scribners. $1.28.

VERSAILLES. By *Karl Friedrich Nowak.* Payson & Clarke. $5.

THE REAL FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND. By *Charles Knowles Bolton.* Boston: Faxon. $3.50.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

THE expected outburst of letters on dentists in literature is taking place as I go to press. Every letter, of course, asks why I left out Frank Norris's "McTeague," which *P. L. C., New York*, calls "the best novel based on that painful subject." Why, indeed? How could I forget the massive gold molar, sign of his profession and pride of his simple heart, and the bleak disaster that took down this shining sign? *R. W., Philadelphia, Pa.*, sends me the cryptic advice: "To add to the list for the Honolulu parishioner, 'The Poison Plague' is great! —But it might be a bad thing for one's *own* dentist to read!" Now I ask you, is not this tantalizing to one who knows naught about the book? *D. W., Boston, Mass.*, says he is no authority on dental literature but thinks "H. C. A. C. might like to peruse the Dorothy Richardson saga, which recounts the musings of her whom Esther Forbes once called 'that terrible Miriam,' who was an assistant in a dentist's office." Terrible indeed; Dorothy Richardson's style, in "The Tunnel," "Interim," "Deadlock," and other static titles, went through contemporary fiction like measles through an orphan asylum; if a young author was taken with that and psycho-analysis simultaneously it was all over with him. Yet I believe her influence is still working: novelists read her; writers, and few readers. In "The Tunnel" (Knopf, out of print) says *M. F., Cleveland, O.*, "Miriam Henderson is engaged as an assistant to three dentists, and we are spared few of the menial and even loathesome details of her calling." M. F. sends also a novel new to me, though not so new: "The Second Generation," by A. M. Rud (Doubleday, Doran), concerned with two generations of Norwegian immigrants, the first a peasant tiller of the soil, the second a self-made man who becomes a dentist famous for oral surgery. P. L. C. reminds me of "Poe's fearful tale with 'teeth to it,' 'Ligeia,' that once haunted me before an extraction." Well, if we come to teeth, how about Carker in "Dombey and Son"? When I had more time on my hands than now I went into this matter with care, and by referring to the annotations then made upon the margin of my "Dombey," find that Carker shows his teeth sixty-eight several times. Speaking of "McTeague," *E. F. B., Eliazbeth, N. J.*, made for me an excellent synopsis of its plot with its more striking incidents, out of what she remembered from one reading thirty years ago. "It must have been good," she says, "to be so remembered by a voracious reader."

M. W. F. sends also three plays: Daisy McGeoch's "Thrilling," in her "Concert Cameos" (French), where the lights go out in a dentist's chair as a tooth is being extracted; "Wisdom Teeth," in Rachel Field's "Six Plays" (Scribner), a romance that starts in a dentist's office; and a short skit, "In the Orchestra Circle," in Chapter 2 of E. L. Sabin's "How Are You Feeling Now?" (Little, Brown), on a visit to a dentist.

Another play that came back to my mind in this interval is "The Wisdom Tooth" (French), by Marc Connolly, which not only introduces a dentist's office but depends on what takes place there for the unity of the scenes; a beautiful play with deep underlying sentiment. And now I find, according to Trotzky, I might have included Morris Hilquit, for in the lately published and provocative "My Life," by Leon Trotzky, is the statement, "A Babbitt of Babbitts is Hilquit, *the ideal Socialist leader for successful dentists.*" The italics are my own.

W. C. P., Muskegon, Mich., asks what book contains the information lately brought to light on James Boswell, discovered by some rich man whose name he does not know.

THIS is the tremendous work reviewed in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Feb. 16, 1929: "Private Papers of James Boswell in the Isham Collection, from Malahide Castle," prepared for the press by the late Geoffrey Scott and edited by Professor Frederick A. Pottle of Yale. Six volumes have already been published; the composition, printing, binding, and facsimile reproductions are the work of the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge, Mount Vernon, N. Y. 570 copies only will be printed and the type then distributed; difficult editorial problems make it hard to say just how many volumes there will be, but not more than eighteen or less than sixteen are probable. It will cost the happy souls who get it nine hundred American dollars or 180 English pounds.

O. E. W., Gambier, O., saw a reference sometime in 1926 to a book about King Arthur's country, and now wants it for use on a pilgrimage there, with any others available.

IT was evidently "King Arthur's Country," by F. J. Snell (Dutton), an excellent guide-book with pictures, covering the whole range of Arthurian activity. Cornwall itself has been the subject of an unusually large number of travel books, and at that, one of them is called "Unknown Cornwall," by C. E. Vulliamy (Putnam)—it is a good one, too, and nearly sent me there myself. Under this urge I also read "Dave in Cornwall," by C. L. Hind (Brentano), W. H. Hudson's "Land's End" (Knopf), and G. E. Mitton's "Cornwall," all inspiring works, and since then I have found A. L. Salmon's "Cornwall" (McBride), a useful small guide. This list does not even take in the regular standby, "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall," by A. H. Norway (Macmillan), which is no doubt used more than most of the others. Also Cornwall is represented by two of the little books put out by the Homeland Association, 37 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, W.C.1, London, in a shilling paper edition, two shillings in cloth; "Bude and Its Borderland" and "Newquay with Its Surroundings." These little Homeland books are well worth keeping in mind; I used the one on the Pilgrim's Way and found it unusually good for walkers.

Here is another traveller, this time bound for South Africa, L. G., Saranac Lake, N. Y., who calls for books on this part of the world, useful in preparation for an extended visit.

THOSE of us who read "God's Stepchildren" are prepared to find something worth while in Sarah Millin's "The South Africans" (Liveright), beautifully written, lucid, and comprehensive: it will serve as a historical sketch but covers also present conditions. Eric Walker's "History of South Africa" (Longmans, Green) is a scholarly work, mainly political, "showing the interaction of the various States and Colonies upon one another and of world forces upon all of them." P. E. Lewin's "Africa" (Oxford University Press) is an inexpensive geography of the continent as a whole, useful for reference. "South Africa. Its People, Places, and Problems," by W. H. Dawson (Longmans, Green), is a thoroughgoing study by a traveler with a good background of preparation, mainly concerned with social issues.

There are two fairly recent books on savages that stand out from the general run of such books, and one is laid in East Rhodesia: "Jungle Gods," by Carl Von Hoffman (Holt), brilliant studies of witchcraft, missionaries, folklore, and native customs. The other, "My African Neighbors," by Hans Coudenhove (Little, Brown) takes place in Nyassaland, but I could not touch Africa at all without speaking of it: it is about savages, but what grand ones, and how complete an understanding of their scheme of life the writer seems to have!

B. L. K., Far Rockaway, N. Y. asks for books like John Macy's "Story of the World's Literature," for the use of a reading circle.

I AM glad that the club has already John Macy's "Story of the World's Literature" (Liveright); it is a fine, inspiring bird's-eye view that manages to get in a great many details as well. An old favorite and excellent desk-companion is Anne C. L. Botta's "Handbook of Universal Literature" (Houghton Mifflin), revised and enlarged by H. W. Boynton. Sidney Gunn's "The Story of Literature" (Sears) is of more recent publication; it ranges all countries, and has been lately brought down to a dollar in price, having cost much more. You might well take with these Laura Spencer Portor's "The Greatest Books in the World" (Houghton Mifflin) and C. Alphonso Smith's popular handbook, "What Can Literature Do for Me?" (Doubleday, Doran), and for that matter, T. G. Tucker's "Judgment and Appreciation of Literature" (Macmillan) and G. E. Woodberry's "The Appreciation of Literature" (Harcourt, Brace) belong on such a study-list. There is an amazing amount of information and reference value in Laurie Magnus's large "Dictionary of European Literature" (Dutton), and it is easy to get at what is in it.

F. L. D., San Francisco, Calif., asks "if that interesting book, 'The Intellectual Life,' by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, is still published?"

YES, by Burt at $1, by the Home Library at $1.25, and quite recently in the compact little Caravan Library of Macmillan at $1.40. *J. P. M., Wayne, Pa.*, tells the school seeking suggestions for books for seventh-grade children of low mentality that they should write to the Fernal School, Waverley, Mass., or to Professor E. R. Johnstone, Vineland, N. J., both being good sources for such information. *M. L. W., Boston, Mass.*, adds to the list of books on esthetics lately published this suggestion: "I wonder if your correspondent would get something out of the work of I. A. Richards, Magdalen College, Cambridge. I have just read his 'Principles of Criticism,' brought out in this country by Harcourt, Brace, but printed in Edinburgh, and have found it useful. . . . He also has a tiny book, the name of which I cannot exactly recall, 'Primer of . . .,' I think." *W. L. K., Lesterville, S. Dakota, asks who wrote "The Diary of a Nobody," "Asmodeus," and "The Wallet of Kai Lung?"* "The Diary of a Nobody," by George Grossmith, with illustrations by Weedon Grossmith, is published by Knopf with a memoir of the two brothers by B. W. Findon; it is a lovely book and if it doesn't please you I pity you. "Asmodeus: or, The Devil on Two Sticks," is by Alain Réné La Sage (1668-1747), and with colored illustrations it costs $7.50 from Doubleday, Doran. This house also publishes Ernest Bramah's "Wallet of Kai-Lung" for the price of any novel and this, too, is a complete charmer. The same inquirer says that about five years ago a novel appeared that seemed unintelligible, but if it were started at the end and read backward it became intelligent. What was it and who wrote it? I never heard of this *tour de force.* If it were written in Hebrew, a number of works would seem to qualify. Let the gifted sleuths of the department speak up.

J. C. W., Harriman, Tenn., asks for the addresses of the French Review *and the* German Quarterly.

THE *French Review* is the official publication of the American Association of Teachers of French; it is issued six times during the year, in October, November, January, February, March, and May, at the George Washington High School, Audubon Avenue and 192d Street, New York. It costs $2.50, which includes membership in the association. The current number has good suggestions on forming French clubs. For membership applications, address E. A. Meras, Adelphi College, Brooklyn. *The Germanic Review* is a quarterly published by the Department of Germanic Languages of Columbia University, in January, April, July, and October. It costs four dollars a year, single numbers a dollar. It has printed a great deal of valuable source material of importance to scholarship. *G. E., Oakvale, W. Va., asks what firms publish all the humorous works of Stephen Leacock*: he has enough to make him want them all. Dodd, Mead publish the whole list, and I owe them a debt of gratitude for putting me on their list to receive them. For Leacock is a writer I have to have. When I lend a Leacock it is only to a trusted book-returner.

And here, to set the students on another scent, comes a letter from *P. L. C.*, New York: "Though I am a teacher of Latin, I've searched vainly for years for an account of some actual incident as the basis of Saxe's famous lines:

It was a noble Roman
In Rome's imperial day
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the castle say,
"They're safe inside that fortress,
There is no way to take it."
"On! On!" exclaimed the hero;
"I'll find a way or make it!"

"The poem is prefaced by a quoted Latin motto, but whether the whole thing is imaginary or not I've never been able to find out. Can you suggest any means of solving the problem?" Only, my dear sir, to call out the people who wrote me the dental letters and let them get their teeth in it.

A three-and-a-half-page letter of Jane Austen, which belonged to a great-niece of the novelist, has been sold in London for £1,000. It mentioned that Jane Austen had just sold "Pride and Prejudice" to a publisher for £110.

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

THE EIGHTY-SECOND COMPETITION

The First Prize for the best short rhymed poem called "Mirage" has been awarded to Corinne R. Swain, and the Second Prize to Claudius Jones.

THE WINNING POEMS

MIRAGE

FIRST PRIZE

BEYOND the desert rim it cheers my way—
Green laurel and a spring's enchanting shimmer;
The flickering promise holds defeat at bay,
Keeps hope from growing dimmer.
Courageously I plod with weary feet,
While visions of my paradise employ me:
Let me be credulous of its blithe deceit,
Lest fear and thirst destroy me.

CORINNE R. SWAIN.

SECOND PRIZE

MIRAGE

Then follow on, from heap to heap
Of bleaching bones, the burning track,
'Till water fails and lips are black
And the stumbling camels barely creep
And tongues are lead and throats are fire
And eyes are glazed with one desire
With weariness and pain and worst,
The mad delirium of thirst!
But I have seen the waving crown
Of palms above the pool,
Where thirsty cattle straggle down
By huddled huts of an Arab town
To lie amid the cool
Rank grass and lush
That their hoofs prints crush.
They wade and wallow and splash and sink
Their burning sides in the pool and —drink.

Can swaying needle, chart and plan,
What others say, what others write,
More safely guide a caravan
Than God's own gift of sense and sight?
Let me find it or die! Then have your laugh
If I fail. Set up a board and draw
A pointing hand and epitaph,
"He trusted only what he saw."
And let the careless traveler mock,
Whose barren skies, of visions bare,
Show nothing save the trembling air
Above the desert rock.

CLAUDIUS JONES

There were not enough attempts at a two dimensional poetry. Mere bare descriptions of mirages seen or imagined were too tame although Homer Parsons, Barbara Williams, and M. Fehrmann all painted excellent word pictures. The first deserves special praise for a most interesting experiment in elaborate analyzed rhyme as printed below. On the other hand I felt compelled to disqualify several outstanding poems in which the relations between title and content were overstrained or too distant. The best of these was by Venise Lee. Clifford Gessler also wrote charmingly though not to the point. His poem is printed for its own sake. Others highly commended are Pennyroyal, Pearle R. Casey, Ellen Bartlett (whose mirage occurred in a dream and was heard before it was seen, a strange mirage indeed!), Lusmore, and A. C. Teuer. A number of these poems are printed below.

As previously announced *The Wits' Weekly* will be suspended from *The Saturday Review* after the award of prizes in Competition No. 85 until the Fall of 1931 when the Conductor returns from Europe.

MIRAGE

By night the desert lies all cool and silver,
Quiet, remote.
Nearer it creeps with dawn, (and when the blaze,
Crucible spilling,
Pours molten day over the rocks and over
The sands where late
Chill shadows slept) it charges down the hills,
Closing in, throwing
Blinding hot javelins, while the earth-rims quaver.
Then, sails a-tilt,
Slowly into the sky a white ship flows
Nodding and swaying,
Lost on a magic ocean, cool and silver.

HOMER M. PARSONS

MIRAGE

(The reflected image is seen, commonly inverted, while the real object may or may not be in sight.)

You were not strong like this. The sculptor's hand
Dug out this corrugated power, not you.
The chin was not so firm; and nature's dower
Was not an eye so generously true.
This tense hard nostril line, that here reveals
A spirit sensate, quivering at Life's quick
Perchance by cruelty was edged, one feels
The artist's hand remolded lips too thick.
The face is yours, yet conscious sentiment,
And hate are shaded out and selfish pride.
As if Death's marble knew what Life had meant
And cancelled its frustrations, when you died.

VENISE LEE

MIRAGE

There was a gallant lady,
I knew her long ago:
Her thoughts were like cool rivers
Singing as they flow.

Out of our words together
Tall, stately lilies grew.
There never was such weather
As we, that summer, knew.

I walk beside her likeness
And step in step we go—
But where that gallant lady
Is now, I do not know.

CLIFFORD GESSLER

MIRAGE

Once from a height,
Through rain-washed air,
I glimpsed the light
Of a city, fair
As John beheld;
In builders' art
Unparalleled.
Upon my heart
Forever graved
Are its white spires
And turrets, laved
In heavenly fires.
At times since then—
In desperate hours—
I've looked again
For shining towers.
Why must the lonely
Feast eyes upon
Once, and once only,
Their Carcassone?

PENNYROYAL

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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A Room of One's Own

FOR sound and commendable book-making, Virginia Woolf's "A Room of One's Own" should be awarded a high mark. It is in form a narrow octavo, with a simple page of readable Granjon type well leaded and with a minimum of ornamentation. The paper is excellent and the presswork good. The binding is especially stout and serviceable. The book has been designed by Robert S. Josephy and published by the Fountain Press in an edition of 492 copies. It is most suitably printed for the sort of book which it is.

R.

Hors-de-Concours

THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST According to the Gospel of Saint Matthew and Saint Luke. New York: Marchbanks Press. 1929.

THIS book is the personal expression of Mr. C. B. Falls, well known as a designer and illustrator, and just because it is a personal expression of what he wanted to do, it cannot be judged in the same way as a book designed with one cunning eye cast toward the problematical buying public. For there is something sacred about creative work, whether one likes it or not.

Mr. Falls has evidently conceived of a book as a picture, not as an abcdarium or a reference book. So his exceedingly crisp lettering (for the book is hand-lettered throughout) with its inebriated reeling across the pages, makes the book almost impossible to read but interesting as pattern work. The lettering is very skilful pen work, and he has to choose whether to make it readable or decorative. I really like the text pages better than I do the pictures, for in the latter the angularities and confusions are annoying.

Mr. Marchbank's presswork merits the highest commendation, for he has achieved a dense, lusterless black ink with a very fine impression of the plates, and a satisfactory use of gold in the initials.

This book should be compared with a recent German book from, I believe, the private press of the Klingspor Brothers, which it strikingly resembles without being at all a copy. It is well enough to have one such book produced on each continent, but I hope that the style isn't "catching."

R.

GOOD MEDICINE. The Illustrated Letters of Charles M. Russell. With an Introduction by WILL ROGERS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930.

REALLY, the business of publishing illustrated books is looking up, in spite of the fact that the spring book lists in general are not very interesting. I have referred above to the edition of Gay's "Rural Sports"; and here is another very much worth while book. Two excellent books at a time is rather beyond the average.

Charles Russell was a "cowboy artist" whose letters to various people were delightfully illustrated with whimsical sketches in color. To call the pictures whimsical is not entirely fair: Russell had a fine eye for the characters and scenes of his western life, and touched them off with the finest of humor. These sketches, less formal than his more serious work, are not less important. Will Rogers in the introduction speaks of Russell as studying everyone he met "from the inside out." His character sketches, his intimate scenes of the west which was his studio, bear ample evidence of this.

The book has been produced in an exceptionally creditable form. Set very simply in Caslon type, there are innumerable reproductions of pictures, most of them in color. And, to the credit of the publishers, these have been reproduced *not* in the usual and miserable three-color half-tones, but in lithography—the one most suitable method for the purpose. The result is a picture book of rare excellence, in which the color values of the originals have been retained so far as is at all possible in reproduction. It is unusual to find such meritorious original work so admirably reproduced.

The book has been set by hand in foundry Caslon—an exceptional fact in any modern book; but the result justifies the method, despite the poor fitting of the old foundry 18 point used in the introduction. Hand-setting does have a mellower look about it if good types of the older day are employed. Mr. Russell's affectedly illiterate spelling has been retained, as was necessary. It, whether in Russell's letters or Will Rogers's style, has a goodly amount of American tradition back of it, but it will die a natural death along with the old west, a part of whose crudities it is. The book, for its genuineness as a picturesque record, belongs with such souvenirs as Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," but is even more interesting than that old favorite because Russell was also a pictorial illustrator of the scenes he knew. It is a book to be treasured.

One hundred and thirty-four copies have been printed as a *de luxe* edition before the present trade edition. But this is good enough for anyone.

R.

Two Illustrated Books

RURAL SPORTS, Together with The Birth of the Squire and The Hound and the Huntsman. By JOHN GAY. Pictures by GORDON ROSS, and an introduction by OWEN CULBERTSON. New York: Rudge. 1930.

THIS is a really charming book. Type, pictures, and format all combine to please the eye, from the scarlet of the cover to the text and decorations. It really has a fine quality about it, which few books seem to have at their birth.

The title pages have been rendered in a combination of script and shaded roman capitals, quite in the eighteenth century manner, yet with a charm of their own. For the text, one of the newer, delicate romans of large size has been selected, and beautifully printed in simple, well-proportioned pages.

Of Mr. Gordon Ross's pictures much in praise should be said. In the present most unsatisfactory state of pictorial illustration in America, his work stands out as delicate, imaginative, decorative, and competent. There is nothing bizarre or forced about it. All that it lacks in "modernism" it compensates in pleasing draftsmanship and imagination. If conventional, then it is convention of a welcome kind.

Of this book, designed by Frederic Warde, fifteen hundred and fifty copies have been printed in a trade edition, and two hundred copies with the pictures hand-colored.

A "Modern" Book

CONTEMPORARY ART APPLIED TO THE STORE AND ITS DISPLAY. By FREDERICK KIESLER. New York: Brentano's. 1930.

Take a full breath and look at *this!* Here is another thoroughly "modern" book. (I wonder if I am not wrong: a modern book should not use the outworn traditions of book making as practiced in the past. Why not use duraluminum plates instead of paper, and fastened in some way less redolent of the past than binders' boards?) It is printed by the offset process, and well printed. As a peep show it is incomparable. But as a book it seems to me to need justification. The type has been thrown at the pages with a deliberate desire to reverse the ordinary rules of margin and grouping. Diversity is obtained thus, but at the expense of reason and logic. For after all, the traditional method of placing the type on a page has reason and logic behind it.

To save my life I cannot help being flippant about these books. Are they to be taken seriously as possible models for book design, or are they what they seem, hilarious excursions into type and pictures with the faint idea that perhaps the present will discover something new in the possibilities of book production? As a noted designer said some years ago when the newer trends began to manifest themselves in typography, "We are in for a spell of bad weather." If these books reflect modern taste and modern life, it is worse than I supposed!

R.

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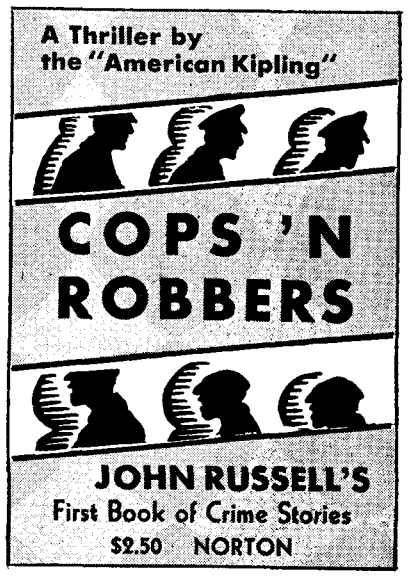
"Recommended by Babson"

FOR many years the compiling of lists of books has been a recognized form of diversion—these have served various purposes, from indicating what particular works have had the most profound influence upon the lives of individuals, to selecting the volumes appropriate for an enforced residence on a desert island. There has been nothing serious about such performances, and the compilers have argued among themselves over everything. In 1912 or 1913, Mr. Arnold Bennett, sensing a vague, general yearning on the part of the British public for culture, produced his "Literary Taste, and How to Form It," an immensely popular discussion of the subject that centered around a list of books which, in his opinion, could give the results desired by his readers—he was extremely practical about it all, and even pointed out what editions were available for immediate purchase, so that no one could have any excuse for not commencing his home courses of improvement at once. In such a period of innocence, the booksellers seeemed entirely unaware of the heavenly opportunity presented them for increasing their sales—and their prices—on the basis of Mr. Bennett's recommendations; with the entire field of English literature from the Venerable Bede to James Clarence Mangan at their disposal, commended with Mr. Bennett's catholic impartiality, they could have sold the accumulated first editions of years, and retired placidly to watch algæ on the pools of their native villages, wealthy, contented men.

In the early summer of last year there appeared a volume with the engaging title, "High Spots in American Literature," intended, according to the preliminary announcement, "to stimulate the buying of American first editions by putting into the hands of interested people a safe and sound guide book which would make it possible for them to buy certain standard and modern items with the assurance that their books were correct first editions which should normally increase in value." Considered as a bibliography, the book erred rather on the side of the non-committal than of the too precise; it was inclined to make statements such as, "There seem to be two editions in this year, and the one slightly taller, the leaf measuring nearly 7½ inches tall, seems to have fewer type defects. It comes in blue, green, or dark red cloth." Persons interested in Mr. Edward Everett Hale were informed that his "Man Without a Country" was "issued in wrappers. There is a whisper about a certain small slip of errata or something which should go with the first printing. Nothing has yet been definitely established in regard to a point of issue, a peculiarly happy set of remarks which would, naturally, cause everyone to purchase two copies of Mr. Hale's masterpiece at once, one with and one without the slip of errata. Considered as an indication of the compiler's views on the subject of American literature, the "High-Spot" volume was interesting, even entertaining, as it resurrected a number of dear old titles that were sadly in need of assistance of some kind—apparently forgotten along with the Elsie Dinsmore series and the sayings of Artemus Ward, they now were given an attention that must have proved immensely flattering. Almost as soon as the book was issued, a few of the New York dealers, urged on by the spirit of enterprise, began to behave in their printed catalogues as if an accolade had been presented to certain works because of their inclusion in the High Spot collection—not to be outdone, several other dealers, recalling the fact that Mr. A. Edward Newton had devoted chapter 15 of his "This Book-Collecting Game" to the consideration of a list, composed by himself, of "One Hundred Good Novels," instantly commenced the amazing work of calling "Barchester Towers," "Emma," and "Zuleika Dobson" to the attention of the public, stamped with the seal of Mr. Newton's approval. Just what was to become of the waifs and strays that failed to gain admission to either select circle, no one knew—presumably they would be forced to depend upon their own modest literary merits as far as booksellers were concerned. One derived the impression that collectors were regarded by these gentlemen more or less as a set of idiotic sheep, so intent upon following an accredited leader over the walls of literature, and so completely lacking in any sense of direction, that they would be enchanted to have their needs supplied without effort to themselves.

A recent catalogue from California, one of those gossipy booklets that introduces the personalities of the entire sales force to the reader, has within the past few weeks brought about a delightful clearing of the atmosphere. In a section headed "American High Spots—Those High Spots," it proceeds to say, "Most of our customers know that, about a year ago, Merle Johnson, the well-known bibliographer, compiled a list of the outstanding American books. . . . Inevitably, readers and critics took violent exception to some of the books on the list, but in general it has been accepted as a representative selection, and certain of our customers are endeavoring to obtain a complete set of 'High Spots.' Prices? A complete set could probably have been assembled (five years ago) for about $2,000. To-day it would cost $20,000. Five years from now—And the moral is 'Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.'" This is really most encouraging, for with the attention of California and New York safely concentrated upon Mr. Johnson's "representative selection," everyone else ought to be able to get the majority of distinguished American books for reasonable prices, especially if it is desired to employ some degree of originality in the process. The nervous tension created by the increasing number of collectors pursuing the same books thus lessened, many persons will be granted a renewed peace of mind—the vision of "Pigs is Pigs" and "The Man with the Hoe" becoming all confused with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Wild Animals I Have Known," and "When a Man Comes to Himself," in the course of a household dusting, can now afford them a pleasure heightened by the consciousness of freedom from the trials of caring for such worth-while volumes. Their own acts are, at least, reasonably safe for the present from too much public attention.

G. M. T.



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From the wood-lawn that frames the Danube comes the author of BAMBI *on his first visit to America:* FELIX SALTEN

It is perhaps no longer a secret to the readers of this column that the publishers of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, FRANZ WERFEL, and *Eroica—A Novel Based on the Life of Beethoven* regard Vienna with a tender and lyrical affection.

This week *The Inner Sanctum* welcomes to America an author who has notably evoked and enhanced this ardor: FELIX SALTEN, author of *Bambi*, *A Life In the Woods*.

The news of FELIX SALTEN'S trip to New York—his first visit to the United States—set *The Inner Sanctum* exploring the surrounding country-side, within a radius of forty miles from 386 Fourth Avenue, for a real live deer. A caged *Odocoileus virginianus* in Central Park was offered, but refused. To welcome the author of *Bambi*, *The Inner Sanctum* sought a willowy doe or an antlered patriarch of the forest, aquiver with life, a deer among deer. . . . But you can't move your offices, schedule the Fall List, read a score of manuscripts, prepare for a trip to Vienna, keep away the hordes of Humanist job-hunters, engage in a controversy on *King Mob*, re-discover *The Seventh Symphony* of SCHUBERT and trail stags . . . all in one week. *The Inner Sanctum* found that out.

To greet FELIX SALTEN, therefore, your correspondents simply salute the author of that belove'd best-seller, *Bambi* . . . not simply because JOHN GALSWORTHY hailed it as a masterpiece, or because HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, in announcing its selection in July 1928 as the Book-of-the-Month, compared SALTEN with AESOP, KIPLING, and THOREAU, or because, with a first printing of 75,000 copies, it was destined to leap a deer-like leap to public favor.

Rather *The Inner Sanctum* hails *Bambi* because it is limpid and beautiful prose, because it is an enchanting and uninsistent allegory of the life of man, and lastly because it assuages the desolation of going through life too busy to find time to see a deer.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE cull the following anecdote from The Walden Book Shop's "Ripples from Walden Pond": In one of our leading Department Stores a male with a quizzical eye approached a lissom damsel who drooped gracefully over the fiction table. "What about The Gentleman in The Parlour?" he asked. She flushed brightly. "Well, he *was* kinda fresh," she said, "but I can handle 'em!" . . .

Raymond Holden, a member of the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*, has written a detective story dealing with plural murders atop a New York skyscraper. The Crime Club will publish it in the early Fall. This must be the Raymond Holden who formerly made quite a reputation for himself as a poet. He is certainly evincing versatility. . . .

Beginning with its June book, "Button Hill" (Richard R. Smith, Inc.), The Book League of American Monthly appears in a new format. Each Book League publication is being brought out in book-size with a standard cover design in new modernistic colors which will vary with each successive book. The books will be durable and convenient to handle, as well as artistic. . . .

Almost two years ago the directors of Random House obtained the consent of the estate of *Mark Twain* to publish an elaborate edition of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." The Pynson Printers have been commissioned to make the book and *Donald McKay* is doing the illustrations, sixty-eight drawings. There will be but two thousand copies of the book and the illustrations will not be reprinted in any form. The price of this edition will be twenty dollars a copy and it will be ready late this year. . . .

We have had a fine letter from *Thurston Macauley* on the *New York Times* in London. He says in part:

> I would like to mention that when passing a little book stall in one of Venice's narrow twisting thoroughfares, the name of *Donn Byrne* caught my eye. I stopped and found all the familiar Irish tales done in Italian. The bookseller spoke a few words of English and told me Donn Byrne was much liked in the land of Mussolini. I was pleased even more when he added that Venetians especially loved the story of Marco Polo as told by that Irishman. Surely Donn Byrne wouldn't have wanted any finer tribute than that!
>
> When recent interviewers mentioned *Masefield's* shy, nervous manner I recalled an occasion when I "covered" a lecture of his at the Town Hall in New York for a newspaper. I brought along with me a volume of his collected poems and at the end went back hoping to have him write his name in it. I caught a glimpse, however, of Mr. Masefield surrounded by a bevy of women of varying ages, all brandishing books for him to sign. The shy and helpless look in his blue eyes made me turn back as I had come. Something ought to be done about the nuisance of autographs, don't you think? I'm sure Mr. Masefield would be first to enroll in a league against the autograph pest. Poor old "*Trader Horn*" was another I once saw in a like and pitiable plight, at the same Town Hall.
>
> You know, I'd like to write a few words in reply to what you wrote about the relative stimulating qualities of England and America, if it weren't for the fact of having already written thus much. America *is* more stimulating in some ways, but I don't exactly agree with you. There's so much in English literature—which is, of course, practically our literature, too—that is just as thrilling. I was at Stratford-upon-Avon for this year's birthday celebrations of the Bard and I have seen the room where *Christopher Marlowe* spent his years at Cambridge. Have you seen *Dr. Johnson's* House, just off our Fleet Street, or *Keats'* home in Hampstead, or *Hogarth's* house in Chiswick? I don't see how one can help but be inspired by seeing those places. In England, somehow, you seem to get closer to things than you possibly can at home in America. Perhaps it's because few places last very long there, although, to be sure, there are such places as Nantucket and Charleston.

Barbara Frost of Stokes wonders how many people know that *Poe* sold "The Raven" for $10 and that the manuscript is now valued at $200,000. She finds her facts in *Thomas F. Madigan's* "Word Shadows of the Great," a book on autograph collecting which has been long overdue by this twenty years' expert and experienced collector. . . .

Incidentally we are sorry indeed to hear of the death of another Stokes author, *Crosbie Garstin*, who wrote swell sea-poetry as well as spirited novels. We always liked his work and thought he never received sufficient recognition. We find that he was a year younger than we are. He was a really gifted romancer. He was drowned in Salcombe Harbor, Devon, while making for a yacht in a small, collapsible boat. . . .

Other recent deaths that are distinct losses to letters are those of *Herbert Croly*, Editor of *The New Republic*, and *Lorna Moon*, author of "Dark Star." Mr. Croly was a great force in journalism on the side of liberal opinion. Miss Moon, at the time of her death, was working on her second novel, which she called "Macabre" . . .

Sylvia Satan again favors us with a poem, and as this *is* a very hot day—the day on which we are writing—and the poem is short, lo and behold it:

FOR A HOT DAY

The tide, from out her hidden cave
Of malachited, cool volutes,
Fashions from every tubing wave
Another of her golden flutes;
One note she tries, again, again,
Throughout a ripple-saraband,
Breaking each pipe that doth attain
A unison with singing sand.

Alice Stone Blackwell, who is *Lucy Stone's* daughter, has been correcting final proofs of "Lucy Stone: Pioneer of Woman's Rights," which Houghton Mifflin will publish in the Fall. She formerly edited *Catherine Breshkovsky's* "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." She hates draughts and always hangs a handkerchief down from her hat in the back to protect her neck. Strangely enough the effect is rather smart. . . .

Other news from this firm is that *Thomas C. Hall*, whose "The Religious Background of American Culture" they will publish in July, thinks the influence of Puritanism on American thought has been much overemphasized, due to the habit of erroneously classifying everything in the English dissenting tradition as "Puritan." He hopes that this loose usage of the word will be abandoned and that hereafter "all who read and understand will instinctively translate the term 'Puritan' in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by the more exact phrase, "The Anglo-American Dissenting Mind." . . .

A new publishing firm has been established which is called "Literary Publications." It will publish poetry, essays, and all matter dealing with literature in general. Manuscripts are now being solicited, to be accepted on a royalty basis. The address is Suite 1010, 580 Fifth Avenue. . . .

"What a Man," is to be the title of *Fulton Oursler's* new novel which will be published in September by Covici, Friede. . . .

T. S. Stribling has just sent to Doubleday, Doran the complete manuscript of "The Forge," to be the first of three novels which he plans as a Southern cycle. Stribling is living and working at his home in the Tennessee hills, close to the life he is depicting. . . .

Perry Pye of Cranberry Street, Brooklyn, has written in excoriating us for speaking of a "Ship" as a "Boat," *re* an Atlantic Liner. This is no title, he avers, for deep-water craft. He remarks:

> It sounds lubberish, it is incontinent to show such technical ignorance and carelessness in such a high place as yours, and I trust that you will heed my suggestion. Of course you are forgiven this one slip. Of that you are glad.

Our lip is trembling, and silently we bow the head. . . .

What do you make of Round Owen Wister $1.50, Sqaure Owen Wister $1.25, Lady Baltimore $1.75, Baby Baltimores, (dozen) $1.44? It is not a price list of books but of certain cakes which originated in Charleston, South Carolina, and were made nationally famous by *Owen Wister's* novel, "Lady Baltimore." . . .

Mr. Wister's forthcoming book, by the way (Macmillan), has been running in a large magazine and is called "*Roosevelt*: The Story of a Friendship." . . .

What do you think of the great excitement that has been going on in the book trade concerning the reduction of fiction prices? This was the final wallop delivered at the Booksellers Convention which was staged at the Pennsylvania Hotel. We had a grand time there at the dinner-dance on—was it Monday?—and are but barely recovering now from our festiveness on that occasion. . . .

Business of bowing ourselves out.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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